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The HEAD of PROFESSOR PENOLA

The Story of a Man Who Became a Gorilla

By WILLIAM P. BARRON

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CHICAGO LEDGER

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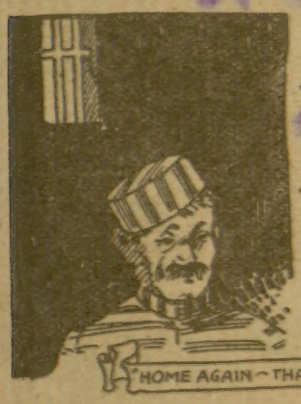
Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 18



Dad Logan

by Julian Kilman

WHERE the long corridor of cells came to an end and one descended the main stairway of the silent city, Dad Logan paused to look back. For twenty years he had lived on that "street," the last seven of them in number 399, which was a corner cell with two windows that afforded a cross current of fresh air in the warm seasons. He waved a wordless good-by to the several faces peering after him.

In the office Warden Hardy greeted the convict.

"Well, Dad. It's been a long stretch."

Dad Logan took the hand extended. The two men regarded each other in a friendly manner.

"Yeh," said Logan. "Twenty years for another fellow's job is——"

"Tut, tut!" broke in the warden. "You aren't going to pull that, too!"

A grin illuminated the face of the ex-convict.

"Good-by, Warden," he said, starting away.

"Coming back?" called that official.

Logan turned solemnly.

"Not on your tintype!" he snapped.

"They aren't taking tintypes any more, Dad," laughed the warden. And so, one sunny morning of a fine June day, Dad Logan blinked his way down the long stone steps leading from the gray stone-walled State's prison where he had spent so many years of his life.

He was free!

Ahead stretched the dusty road, for the penal institution stood at some considerable distance from the nearest community. When the ex-convict had covered a quarter of a mile an auto-bus came along.

"Hop in!" shouted a voice.

They sped by pretty fields and presently drew near the city. When well along toward the downtown section Dad signaled to the chauffeur to let him out. He descended and moved off, not quite sure of his senses after his first automobile ride.

In time he located what in the year 1900 had been Barney O'Keefe's hangout. The externals were the same, but what a change within: a bakery! Up the well-known stair at one side of the corner building he proceeded. He knocked at the door and it was opened

(Continued on Page 21.)

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The HEAD of PROFESSOR PENOLA

by William P. Barron

The Sound of the Shot Did Not Stop the Old Champion. He Came Steadily On, Beating His Breast and Screaming.

THE great Darwin really began this story years ago when he devoted many pages—dry to most of us—to what he called "reversion to type." In common, ordinary language, this means "doubling back on the trail," a harking back by the body or the mind to physical or mental trends, originally belonging to some remote ancestor. It is this reversion to type which compels a high-bred collie to revert suddenly into a sheep-killer; it is also the answer to why your aristocratic Boston bull, if he gets the opportunity, will wallow with glee in the carcass of a dead horse or a cow, returning home perfumed like a New Jersey zephyr. By the same token this Boston bull will eat with fulsome appetite this decayed flesh after languidly refusing a broiled lamb chop and buttered toast. This same old reversion to type is a jinx which brings about the elopement of your get[illegible] reared, finely-veneered daughter with a chauffeur; or causes your equally high-bred son who can play tennis in three languages to marry the buxom daughter of the Greek fruit vendor on the corner. In either case, man or dog, the urge to return to primitive things is too strong to resist, and so they "spill the beans."

This is the tale of a perfectly respectable city-raised, college-bred man who yearned, all his life, for the wilds of Africa and its jungle citizenship. This yearning haunted his thoughts by day and at night his mind wandered thru the trackless forests of the dark continent. It drove him into a Professorship of Biology and Natural History at Brownleigh College, and placed him on the scientific map as the only living man who could talk with and understand apes and monkeys. He longed for the forests of Africa as a lover longs for his beloved. Finally, in his respectable married middle-age the means to gratify his life's ambition was put in his hand. Forgetting wife and home, putting aside his former life as a garment, he followed the lure to the land of his desire. What befell him follows:

JOHN PENOLA, Professor of Biology and Natural History, stood one day in a stooping attitude, listening with a rapt attention to the chattering squeaks which emanated from a small phonograph before him on his study table. Around the walls of this large bare room were cages containing monkeys of all sizes, ages, and conditions, and from these cages there arose a stench that only a scientific enthusiast could have borne with equanimity.

Hanging over his desk was a peculiar picture. He had designed it himself and the artist had executed it after the professor's suggestion. In the picture, first to the left, was a baboon, then a chimpanzee, then a gorilla; next, a brutalized type of man. Beneath the picture was a quotation from Kipling's Song of the Bandar-log: "Brother, Thy Tail Hangs Down Behind." Professor Penola, when questioned regarding this picture, would laboriously and tediously try to explain his idea in concept with the picture and the quotation, namely—that after all there was not as much difference between a man and a gorilla as there was between a gorilla and a chimpanzee, or between the chimpanzee and the baboon. He never got anywhere with his explanation. He was too awkward, too confused and eager, used too many big words. In fact, many godless young freshmen and sophomores used to ask about the picture in order to watch the eager light in his deep-set, pathetic brown eyes, and the trembling of his great gnarled hands as he talked, with a flush on his face and a shuffling of his mis-shapen flat feet.

There was about the professor a general physical impression, impossible to describe, and certainly unusual in one addicted to the peaceful pursuit of science. There was a bigness of frame, a looseness of joint, a length of stride and strength of movement, unusual in men found within the cloisters of quiet colleges. Added to these was a peculiar head, with outstanding ridges under the eyebrows. And this was most unusual—a bony projecting ridge beginning where the hair ends and passing down to the root or base of the nose between the eyebrows. A massive head, a strong face and a powerful, well-knit frame—so was Professor Penola.

As we have above remarked, the stench from the cages in the professor's study was almost intolerable. However, this did not disturb Sam, the professor's colored assistant and all-round man "Friday," who stood near on the professor's left in the same listening attitude as himself. On his black, good-humored face was a broad grin. The squeaks and chatterings ended with a raucous splutter as the needle reached the end of the record. Sam slapped his thigh and laughed loudly. "We shore is got it dis time, perfessor! Dat monkey's own mammy would think fer sartain dat it was him talkin' to her, wouldn't she?"

Professor Penola smiled absent-mindedly at Sam's enthusiasm. For years he had experimented patiently and tirelessly to transfer to a phonograph record the limited speech of monkeys, and now apparently he had succeeded. His smile was without enthusiasm, however. This success was, after all, only a step forward in the right direction. With all his hungry scientific heart he longed to study the monkeys, baboons, chimpanzees and gorillas in their own native haunts. Then, indeed, would his foot be upon the right path. The obstacles between him and the attainment of his desires were two: A wife who did not share his scientific-research enthusiasm, and who hated the professor's monkeys as only a New Englander can hate that which is out of the commonplace, the usual walks of life. A cat, or even a dog, perhaps—but monkeys! How this spare-built, austere married old maid hated the leaping, chattering, climbing things!

The other, and most unsurmountable obstacle, was lack of funds. His wife as an obstacle, the professor would gladly have pushed aside if he could have left her provided for. His honor, his reputation, prevented wife-abandonment. He had carefully weighed the matter in his mind many times. But lacking the where-with-all to equip and finance himself for a two or three years' sojourn in the wilds of Africa, and at the same time leave his wife in funds—that obstacle the professor could not surmount. The New Thought people teach us that if we think hard enough and long enough on any one desire of our hearts, that somehow and some way it will be vouchsafed to us. Perhaps this was true in the professor's case for, unknown to him, at the very time he was musing and longing in his laboratory for means to fulfill his life-long dream of studying the great apes at first hand, there was under discussion a very strange and weird proposition, before the most astute, learned and wealthy scientific society in the world—the Society for Anatomical Research.

The savants were not interested in living animals or men; but animals or men who were dead—that was a different matter! These men, who had been foregathered and carefully selected from all the great universities of the world, were not habituated to hesitate at any means or method in order to gather into their specimen-jars or on their bone-shelves rare specimen-types of man or beast. And back of them were the carefully garnered millions given thru wills and behests to the different universities of which they were trustees or professors.

At the time of Professor Penola's phonographic experiment already recounted the execu-

tive committee of the Society of Anatomical Research was holding its semi-annual meeting—this time in London.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman of the committee, "before we adjourn I wish to bring to your attention the matter of the head of Professor John Penola, under discussion at our last meeting. I wish to strongly urge upon you the advisability of prompt action. Professor Penola, as those of you know who saw him at our last general session held in New York City, is getting on in years. At any time now—er—er—it might be too late to secure this valuable specimen of the primate skull. I am obliged to further tax your patience by explaining to those of you not familiar with the subject, that Professor Penola's skull is a curious proof of Darwin's theory of the reversion to type. Our learned colleague has almost a perfect—at least to all appearances—a perfect type of primate skull, differing only in a few minor details from the skull of the primitive man; or from that of the gorilla either, for that matter.

"As you know, the only type of skull of this sort in existence today is the specimen of the early man of the Pleistocene period, unearthed in Java and now in the British Museum. Therefore, the more necessity for us to secure the skull of Professor Penola at his death. It is of course of interest to state that our learned brother from the Medical University of Edinboro (the chairman indicated one of the members by an emphatic nod) also states that Professor Penola, by actual comparative measurements, corresponds in arm, leg and trunk length more nearly with the gorilla than with that of the genus homo. A man of such rare anatomical qualifications, as well as that of such scientific attainments, will not be duplicated in perhaps twice five thousand years. Therefore, we must secure this rare specimen, by all means."

And so the result was that within thirty days Professor Penola stood with the means to fulfill the unsatisfied longing in his heart. The actual realization of his dreams was placed there by "our learned brother from Edinboro." It was in the form of an agreement which read:

For and in consideration of the sum of forty thousand dollars—twenty thousand dollars in hand paid, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged—and twenty thousand dollars to be paid to the heirs of party of the second part upon the demise of the party of the second part—For these considerations the party of the second part hereby transfers and conveys to the party of the first part, all right and title to the corporal body of the said party of the second part, after his death; said body to be used by the party of the first part in the furtherance and pursuit of anatomical knowledge, in any way or manner which the party of the first part may deem advisable.

OUR learned brother of Edinboro had even been empowered to add ten thousand dollars additional to the tempting bid, but it was not necessary. Professor Penola swallowed the offer with the same eagerness that a healthy, hungry brook trout seizes upon a tempting fly. He did not think of the 55 years already charged up against him on the debit side. He did not think of the lean and austere married spinster, even now preparing his Spartan dinner above stairs. She was to him only a restraining anchor to windward which this suddenly-acquired wealth would enable him to sever. He only thought that before him opened a vista of vision at the end of which loomed the hill country of Gorilla Africa—the hills of his desire.

Until our learned brother of Edinboro was gone, however, he suppressed all visible signs of his inward elation. Professor Penola, while not a man of the world, was yet astute enough to know that the Society for Anatomical Research would not dream of allowing him to risk among the great apes of Africa his perfectly-formed primate skull, and his bony frame-work built according to gorilla specifications. Finally our learned brother took his departure, after running his fingers lovingly along the projecting frontal ridge of Professor Penola's skull, and carefully measuring for the third time his arms, legs, and trunk. Professor Penola was not offended; he understood and appreciated his learned brother's attitude; he too was a scientist. All he felt was an impatience that his learned brother should be gone. He wanted to plan, to arrange, to consult with Sam, and formulate means to get away at the earliest possible moment.

At 55 one cannot afford to dwaddle when the work of years is still to be accomplished. And Sam! What of Sam? Would he come along? He was almost indispensable. He understood the language of apes almost as well as they did themselves. Professor Penola had learned the ape language after many years of painstaking effort. Sam had acquired the ape vocabulary in almost as many days as the professor had devoted years, and he spoke it as fluently as the apes themselves. Penola could illy spare Sam.

The professor smiled to himself as he thought about it. Sam was as mismated and as unhappy in his home life as the professor was. The huge black negress who waddled about his kitchen and referred to Sam as "dat triflin' lazy no-count nigger," had as much sympathy and understanding for Sam as Mrs. Penola, ceaselessly knitting upstairs, had for the professor. He did not anticipate very much trouble in persuading Sam to undertake the journey.

In exactly ten days after signing the agreement for the transfer of his body after death, Professor Penola and Sam, with their precious phonograph records, a very few clothes, two automatic pistols, and half of the initial payment, were on the steamer outward bound for Africa. As they passed the Statue of Liberty Sam made an elaborate, ceremonious bow and said: "Good-by, lady; it will be a long time befo' you sees me again, if you ever does; so good luck and take keer of yourself."

They landed at Cape Town without mishap, and within another three weeks were at the uttermost outpost of civilization. The jungle was in front of them, and beyond the jungle a far away range of blue, wooded hills that marked the gorilla country. Luck favored them from the very beginning. At the native village, ten miles from the nearest British outpost station, they found four bearers who had just conveyed a party of hunters thru the jungle, down to the railroad, and were anxious to return to their own country, which was not far from where Penola hoped to penetrate into the ape country, and thence thru into gorilla land.

THE next streak of luck was finding in a hut in the village on the edge of the jungle, two perfectly-cured and preserved gorilla hides. These hides belonged to a native so wrinkled and hairy that he looked like an ape himself. On his left arm was a scar, given him, he said, when he was a young man, by an enraged gorilla in a mighty fight, from which he had borne two gorilla hides in triumph, and cured them by a drying method known only to himself. From this old man, who stood six feet two when he unbent himself and really stood erect, Penola learned many strange things.

The old man firmly believed himself to be the offspring of a gorilla and a native woman who had been stolen away shrieking into the jungle by the huge man-ape, later to return with the whimpering, misbegotten half-beast, half-man that was himself. To prove it the old man pointed to his wrinkled forehead, down the front of which was the [illegible] ridge found only in gorillas. He guided Professor Penola's hand to his ape-like head and thence down the ridge. It could be felt quite distinctly; in fact could also be plainly seen when the old man came out of the shadow of the hut. Penola laughed and then he guided the old man's fingers along his own forehead. There, too, was the ridge. With a great start the old man muttered something to himself, and from that day he called Penola "brother," and parted freely with the gorilla hides when it was explained to him that Penola desired Sam and himself to be sewed up in the skins as a camouflage in order to come nearer to soko-mitsu (our brother of the forest).

However, the old savage urged Penola to stay away from the gorilla country; said no good ever came of expeditions there. He stood up in the small smoked-filled hut, and with guttural eloquence, spoke thru the interpreter:

"Bid my white brother to remain

(Continued on Page 15.)

The Female Gorilla Had Followed Him Thru the Rocky Fissures Into the Cave.

The Second and Concluding Part of a Mystery Story Laid on the Farm

The Young Man From the City

By Frank Lester

What Took Place in the First Installment

ANDREW HORNBY, an Illinois farmer living near the town of Bartondale, was in serious financial trouble due to the fact that his small farm was about to be foreclosed by his cousin, who himself was in pecuniary distress. The piling up of interest had made the debt so great—$4,980, to be exact—that it was plain there would not be a dollar left after the foreclosure on which Hornby could start life over again. Hornby was a widower and had one daughter,

JENNY HORNBY, a golden-haired brown-eyed girl of about 19. After Hornby's unpleasant consultation with

ATTORNEY TRIPP, who handled the legal affairs of the district, he drove back home to the farm to learn two surprising things. First, a young man calling himself

JOHN CARR, from Chicago, had applied there for work on the plea that his health was poor and he would work for nothing. Second, there was a letter from

EDWARD ROWLAND, likewise a Chicago man, asking if he could purchase the farm for $10,000.

Hornby was only too glad to take this super-magnanimous and somewhat mysterious offer, and so wrote the Chicagoan. After that he and young Carr worked very hard to get the farm in shipshape condition. On the day that Rowland, a middle-aged pasty-faced man, appeared to pay over the money and take the farm, John Carr amazed them all by pointing his finger at the newcomer and saying: "The deal's off—you're too late," with the result that Rowland tore up his check and drove furiously off. Whereupon John Carr bid Hornby and his daughter draw up their chairs and hear something in the way of explanation of his odd actions.

III.

"NOW," said Carr, after he and Hornby, also Jennie, had seated themselves, "before I go any further, I must set you both right upon one point. The other evening I lost a letter in the kitchen. Jenny found that letter and returned it to me—after I had admitted its ownership. The name inscribed on the envelope was William Denton. That name, Mr. Hornby—and you, too, Jenny—is my own. Such a person as John Carr doesn't exist—at least in this house.

"If this is the case, the questions uppermost in the mind of each of you must be: Why did I assume that name; why did I apply here for work; why was I willing to give my services for nothing—and, to answer each question, it will be necessary for me to go back in time as much as twenty years. My connection with the affair that I am about to describe may seem to you at first to be very obscure. However, everything will be made plain before I finish. Now, as to the facts which concern all of us:

"Mr. Hornby, have you ever heard of the Bartondale Express robbery? I daresay not. Over twenty years have elapsed since it took place, hence it must have occurred six or seven years before you settled here. All the details of that long-forgotten crime can be found set forth in the bound volumes of the old Chicago newspapers of the date of April 21, 1901, and thereafter, which are open to public inspection in the Record Room of the Chicago Public Library. But let me describe that case just as you might read it on a certain set of yellow newspaper clippings that are in my possession.

"It seems that on the 17th of April, 1901, a chest—or to be precise, an iron-bound box in the shape of a sixteen-inch cube—containing gold dust was shipped from the Lily Lane Mining Company of Butte, Mont., to a firm of goldsmiths named Edelstein & Edelstein of New York City. The box was given a valuation of an even $100,000 and was insured by the Lily Lane Mining Company at its true value with the carrier, the American Express Company. The fee paid for this service was, of course, a large one—on account of the extremely high valuation of the shipment. And for this reason the express company followed its usual custom and sent, in the same car with the box, a special messenger armed with a loaded rifle.

"But the news of the shipment must have leaked out by some of the devious paths of information which led to certain members of the underworld, for the gold chest never got as far as Chicago; it did, however, reach a point about sixty miles west of Chicago, or in other words, Bartondale, which at that time consisted of nothing but a flag station and a general store. And this was what occurred to prevent its arriving at the proper destination:

"Train Number 6 of the old Chicago & Central Western Railroad carrying the express car that contained the Lily Lane Mining Company shipment, the special armed messenger, and the regular express messenger, slowed down at 1 o'clock in the morning in response to a red lantern standing on the center of the track. This point, by the way, was about a mile beyond Bartondale. And no sooner had the train come to a stop than a masked man climbed up out of the darkness onto the locomotive and ordered the engineer and fireman to throw up their hands. At the same time, apparently, another man in the rear clambered up upon what are known as the "bumpers," withdrew the coupling pin and nicked the air hose connecting the engine, tender and express car with the rest of the coaches. In response to this fellow's sharp whistle signal, the man on the locomotive ordered the engineer to open the throttle part way and run slowly ahead. The latter, covered as he was by a revolver, did exactly as he was bid. And all this time, strangely enough, the messengers in the express car were absolutely unaware of the fact that a hold-up, a typically desperate and wild West hold-up, was being perpetrated. They had of course, noticed the stopping of the train—but had believed that it was due merely to the engineer's examining a siding switch which some weeks before had nearly wrecked a train on account of some defect.

"Well, to continue, the engineer ran the locomotive ahead until he was ordered once more to bring it to a stop. This second stop proved to be a cross-road. And, backed up almost to the track, was a wagon to which a single horse was harnessed.

"After the confusion in which the two robbers shot and seriously wounded the guardsmen, they clambered into the express car, brutally rolled the groaning messengers to one side, and made their way at once to the cubical chest containing the shipment of gold dust to Edelstein & Edelstein of New York. After much tugging and grunting they slid it to the edge of the car. One of them then jumped out and backed up the wagon. In a jiffy the box was transferred to the latter conveyance. This, in turn, was driven up the road about a hundred yards and brought to a stop. The two men who had successfully carried thru the most desperate part of the program then gave a sharp whistle signal. The bandit on the engine, hearing the summons, climbed down and backed away slowly in the moonlight. Soon he regained the wagon, and, with the sharp sound of a whip on a horse's flank, chest, vehicle and men were swallowed up in the shadow of the trees along the roadway.

De Foe Was Posted in Front of a Farm Which Carried a Gigantic Oak in the Front Yard.

"WELL, Mr. Hornby, that affair created a distinct sensation in police and detective circles—that neat getaway with $100,000 in gold dust. It was three or four hours—morning in fact—before a posse was organized in the next town, seventeen miles distant. On account of the dryness of the weather, no particular wagon tracks could be identified.

"The American Express Company telegraphed without delay to the police chiefs and marshals of all the neighboring cities and towns. They called in the Pinkerton system also. A fine net was thrown all over the region. Yet, in spite of all this, nothing much was accomplished during the remainder of that day, April 21.

"On the 25th day of April, a man of unsavory reputation and known as Eddie De Foe—the same gentleman, by the way, who was in this room a bare quarter of an hour ago—was picked up in Chicago on suspicion of having been connected with a small town bank robbery of several months before. And with him, when he was taken into custody, was his brother, Charlie De Foe, a man whose reputation in police circles was no better than his own. Now, the man who had guarded the engineer and fireman while the express car robbery was going on, had borne a tattoo-mark which reached nearly to his wrist; even in the lantern light this tattoo-mark had been partly exposed to the fireman's gaze during an instant in which the robber had caught his coat sleeve on the brake handle. And, to cut a long story short, the honorable Eddie De Foe was identified by the fireman as the man who had climbed up on the engine early in the morning of April 21st. But this, perhaps, might have proved to be insufficient to convict him if the third man of the trio had kept a quiet tongue in his head.

"On the 27th of April, 1901, a St. Louis stool pigion—an individual, Mr. Hornby, who hobnobs with criminals but who turns over bits of information to the police—reported to the detective bureau of that city that he had been in the company, the night before, of a man known to the authorities as Two-gun-Maginnis. He furthermore declared

During the Confusion the Two Robbers Shot the Guardsmen.

that this Maginnis had confided to him that he, together with the De Foe brothers of Chicago, and a fourth party whom he did not name, had put over a $100,000 job a week before. Of course, the police nabbed Maginnis—and took up the stool pigeon for a witness. After Missouri extradition papers were drawn up, Maginnis was brought to Chicago and lodged in the same jail with the De Foe brothers. The three of them, one at a time, were given a grueling third degree in the office of the prosecuting attorney and confronted with the two star witnesses. Overwhelmed by the weight of evidence against them, they all broke down and told the same story. They admitted their participation in the hold-up and described their actions after they drove away on La Peer Road.

"According to each man's story, they had driven straight ahead on La Peer Road for about two hours, until, some time before dawn, they had reached the cross-road where the pursuing posse had divided into three smaller parties. Here they had been met by a fourth man who was known to them as Denver Slim, but whose correct name they had reason to believe was Pat Kelly. This fourth man, so they declared, was waiting for them in a light buggy on the back of which was strapped a sewing machine covered by a rubber tarpaulin. They had immediately transferred the stolen chest to the back of the buggy, hiding it carefully under the tarpaulin, and had then driven their wagon off into the adjoining stretch of woods. After tying the horse to a tree, they had made their way on foot to the tracks of the railroad, about a mile distant. At the nearest water tank they had successfully boarded the blind baggage of a local train and had ridden into a Chicago suburb where they had dismounted shortly after dawn and broken up. And, in the guise of a sewing machine agent, Kelly, the fourth man, had started out to reach Chicago with the chest of precious dust. He was to have met them in a Chicago saloon on April 24th in order to discuss the matter of dividing up the spoils. He had never shown up. All three of the prisoners claimed emphatically that they had been 'double-crossed.'

"For weeks detectives watched the saloon where this Kelly was to have met the De Foe brothers. But Kelly, either chuckling over the manner in which he had outwitted his three companions in crime, or else alarmed by the notoriety of the case, remained under cover. The De Foe brothers and Two-gun-Maginnis were brought to trial and on July 8, 1901, were sentenced to twenty years apiece in the Joliet State Penitentiary. This, of course, practically closed the case.

"Maginnis died in the penitentiary, a model prisoner, about six years after his confinement commenced. Charlie De Foe, too, passed away, but before he passed out, he made a confession which cleared up the Bartondale Express Robbery. This confession was that the man who had met them with a buggy and sewing machine a few hours after the robbery was not known as Denver Slim; neither was his name Pat Kelly. This name—and the description, as well had been fabricated, Charlie De Foe admitted, so that the police might gain no inkling as to the real identity of the man who had the stolen chest of gold in his pos-

(Continued on Page 18.)

More About the Viking Princess That Was Revived a Thousand Years After Her Time

From Out the Centuries

By Sidney E. Johnson

IX.

HAJJI DASS COMMANDS THE RAHTIS.

DREAD had gripped Julian Case. Dread that his plans for frustrating Walverain might not work out—that his accomplices might come too late.

With infinite care the men had torn away the upper portion of the cement tomb, exposing the head and shoulders of the sleeping woman—from her chin downward she was wrapped in some soft, time-resisting fabric—and with even greater care they adjusted her portion of the encasing transfusor's machinery about her. Liza was also stretched out by the side of the cement tomb, and about her, too, the apparatus was encased. And then she was given full possession of her faculties. But if protest had come from her it would have been futile. She was imprisoned—trapped.

Perhaps as arrangements neared completion Walverain himself felt the strain of the moment. Certainly the others did.

And then Julian spoke.

"Walverain," he said, "this is murder!"

"Not at all," smoothly replied the doctor; "it is but a shifting of crystalized life atoms. And done in the interest of science."

"But good God, man!" cried Julian, breaking out, "what right have you—has any man—to steal away the vitality of one person to restore another—to enfeeble all her days, if not to kill this woman? Were she willing it might not be so bad; but to use her for experiment as a surgeon uses a dog——"

"Ah, you talk of rights, Julian," said Walverain, "exactly as I hear sentimentalists talk of morals, of good and bad. But to me it is a mere question of values.

"We have here a subject for restoration who should prove the most interesting ever brought before the world's attention. Our imaginations can scarcely conceive of that gone-by age in which she lived; she will be ushered out of the barbaric past into this, the world's greatest epoch.

"Surely these two facts alone justify the exchange of a life of small value—if exchange is made—of your life, of mine, of anyone's.

"'We kill to live,' say the butchers. Then why not take life to benefit the world thru scientific discoveries? However, this night I am in no mood to argue. We will go forward. I will not be prevented!"

"But in the name of British law, HI will perwent you!" shouted Constable Dulip and strode into the light.

"Ah!" and the unruffled savant stepped to the cavern wall. "And how came you here, my dear sir? But I need not ask. My trusted and well paid assistant betrayed me when this morning I was forced to let him into my plans. Well for me that I did not trust him too much; so I will answer your authority in the name of a greater."

And he lossened a fastened cord.

Something swung down from the cave's roof, causing the constable to jump back in alarm. But after all it was only a gate—a flimsy gate of wires stretched in a steel frame—not a formidable obstruction, truly, altho it barred the constable and his party as they stood in the narrow entrance. Dulip sniffed contemptuously.

"To cover, you two!" said the scientist to Nos. 3 and 4. "Get out your guns! Shoot if they offer to shoot!" And the two obeyed.

"Ho!" said Constable Dulip, annoyed, "Hi guess this ain't no matter for shootin'. Let's smash thru, lads, an'——"

"Don't touch those wires!" sharply warned the doctor. "They carry a heavy voltage of electricity, and they'll stretch you out on the second. Just stay where you are, gentlemen; I don't mind your witnessing this interesting experiment, however much I object to interference. But I have a power there which will not let you thru!"

"And I," said Hajji Dass, stepping to the front, "command a power that gives me entrance anywhere!" And holding up that Garuda stone he boldly hurled himself against the charged wires.

Had electric currents no potency that night? It did not seem so. Nor did Walverain's employes fire at him.

"I am pleased, doctor," said Hajji Dass pleasantly, "that I came in time. And now with—or without—your kind permission, I will take charge of your novel experiment!"

"You may be a spectator, sir," said Walverain, slightly nonplused, but boldly facing the unexpected situation. "But you will not prevent me. I will restore the sleeping woman—it is my affair."

"Not for worlds would I prevent you," replied Hajji Dass with a polite bow. "But all things, you see, are my affairs. And my right is vested in this." He held up the Garuda stone.

"You have stolen that from my museum—" began the doctor angrily.

"No! I found it on the beach where——"

"Where Hi dropped it!" Jimsie Neckker feebly pushed forward. "It's mine! Give it 'ere!"

"In India," coldly replied Hajji Dass, "there are sects that would gladly pay me gold to the value of fifty million rupees for this tiny bit of stone. But they cannot buy it—I will keep it and have their rupees, too—and no one on earth shall get it from me. All the powers of all the Rahtis who wander outside of Nirvana are embodied in it. With and thru it I will become Master of India and thru India master of the world!"

"And now to prove it to you!"

Then——

Hajji Dass uttered three strange words—words which into no language can be translated—and the lights of the cave went out and a darkness that was black as chaos itself reigned.

Only, wrapped in an unearthly, luminous glow, the Garuda stone floated above the heads of all. And all stood as tho turned to stone; only Dr. Walverain, unafraid, sneered in the darkness.

And then Hajji Dass Dared!

Reaching up he plucked the floating stone from the air, crushed thru tubes and retorts and all the machinery of the transfusor (releasing Liza) and stood beside the sleeping woman.

"Oh, great and restless Energies!" boldly he spoke his invocation; "oh, wandering Rahtis; oh, souls of all Adepts outside the unattainable Nirvana, thine aid I command! I bid thee, concentrate in the stone and express thy powers and mine, and make them manifest!"

And then, guided by the glow from the Garuda stone, he found the forehead of the torpid woman and placed the strange, glowing thing upon it.

"I Will," his voice rose commandingly, "that the sleeping woman be roused, and to full health and strength, that she may become a slave of the High Priest of the Garuda!"

A chill as of down from etheric space swept the cave and then one and all seemed to sense that a Thing was there—a Thing of countless evil faces, which grinned and gibbered in the darkness, of countless thousands of claw-like hands that clutched and clawed.

The Fear shrieked in the ears of all and gripped their vitals. Only Lycias Walderain, unshaken, stood sneering and defiant—unafraid but helpless.

Then the aroused woman, unconscious of the general terror, sat up, tore herself out of her cement coffin and began to rave in a language which only Dr. Walverain understood, and he but dimly.

But Hajji Dass held the Garuda stone.

Obeying a common impulse, one and all stole silently out of the dark cave, the grip of repression upon them. Neither friends nor enemies were they at that moment but indifferent to each other. Only Liza and Jimsie, as they stood on the beach clasped in each other's arms, wept loudly.

* * * * * * *

Are we to accept Dr. Walverain's explanation?

Did the lights go out only because the

(Continued on Page 20.)

Constable Dulip Began Clawing for Freedom.

The Story From the Beginning—Condensed for New Readers

JIMSIE NECKKER, hungry, homeless and ragged, a wanderer in the streets of London, paused in front of the brilliantly lighted mansion in which his half-sister,

LIZA TRIGGS, was employed as a servant. The master of Westbourne Terrace was entertaining; guests could be seen enjoying a sumptuous feast. Liza refused to aid him further, and advised him to go to his mother, who was housekeeper for a "hermit gentleman" in Yewboro, on the coast.

While Jimsie was ruminating over his next move, a small square stone, with strange markings on it, came flying from an upper window of the mansion and fell at his feet. He picked it up and put it in his pocket. As he did so a cab containing two East Indians—men of dark skin—stopped in front of the mansion. Then, right before the eyes of the two foreigners, the cabby and a passing errand boy, a strange thing happened—Jimsie suddenly vanished from sight, as if transformed into thin, spotless air.

DR. WALVERAIN, the hermit scientist, who with his housekeeper were the only occupants of Rooksedge, an isolated mansion on the rocky coast, had discovered a beautiful sleeping maiden in one of the caves. The nature of her entombment told him that she had been lying there for many centuries, and the insignia and peculiar construction of her tomb convinced him that she must have been a

PRINCESS OF VIKINGS, left there by her fellow Norsemen—navigators, probably—who believed her dead. Dr. Walverain's besetting ambition was to bring her back to life, even at the sacrifice of another woman's life.

JULIAN CASE, a stranger in Yewboro, interfered in Jimsie's behalf when a constable arrested the latter on a charge of "projectin' 'isself thru the roof, or somethink" and leaving no hole in the ceiling. When none in the tap-room would make affidavit that such a phenomenon had occurred, Jimsie was given into the custody of his protector, who took him aside to hear his story. Jimsie declared that back in London he had wished to be in Yewboro and suddenly had found himself in a tap-room in that place—that's all he knew about it.

After being warmed, fed and supplied with extra clothing, Jimsie wished he was over at Rooksedge, with "muvver," and he and Case soon arrived there. While

MOTHER TRIGGS cared for her shiftless son, Case and Dr. Walverain discussed the strange properties of the magic stone. The doctor admitted that the little tablet might have hypnotic powers, but there was no magic about it, he contended. Jimsie had a touch of pneumonia and then came Liza, direct from London.

Walverain confided to Case his determination to restore the sleeping Princess to life, thru the employment of a healthy young woman and an apparatus of his own invention, which he called a transfusor. Meanwhile, lurking in the vicinity were Liza's two "Hindy gentlemen" and a motor boat containing

CONSTABLE DULIP and several aids. On the sand in front of Hung Man's Ledge Hajji Dass picked up a small shiny object—it was the magic talisman—the Garuda stone—"the key to the mysteries of all the world," according to Hajji's exclamation on finding the precious object that had brought him to England.

The story began in No. 15, the Ledger for April 15. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

My Strange Experience with Van Volkenberg

by Julian Kilman

YEARS ago Van Volkenberg and I had been in college together. We were members of the same Greek letter fraternity and so I knew him well; but well as I knew him he was constantly full of surprises. I think the unusualness of his character first came home to me fully several years after we were graduated when Van first met my sister, then a girl of eighteen. It was at a rather pretentious dance to which by main force my friend had been dragged, and during the course of the evening he sought me out.

"Norcross," he began, "I—I haven't played fair with your sister."

I loved Van. But Margaret came first.

"Some of my fool experimentation," he went on; "new projection work of Sagandeeb—no! Not hypnotism; but mental control." He hesitated. "Your sister is beautiful and strong-willed. It makes her very tempting. I couldn't resist, and, and—I've influenced her, Norcross."

"What the devil!" I exploded.

He handed me a slip of paper.

"When you get home," he said quickly, "read this."

My sister was escorted home by young Ballantyne, whom I encountered as he came down the steps. Jack was about to brush by me without any word.

"What's up, Jack?" I demanded, stopping him.

The youth gulped and I saw tears in his eyes.

"I can't make Margaret out," he moaned; "she was all right until half after 11 tonight; then everything went flooey."

"Buck up, Jack," I said, clapping him on the shoulder.

In the hallway I read Van Volkenberg's curious note. It ran:

My Old Friend:

Tonight I tried for and unexpectedly "got" control of your sister's mind; then I "directed" it. Here is what she will do yet this night if my efforts to prevent it have failed: She will go to your room and get that photograph of me in football togs. On the back of it she will write, "I love him."

I have been silly beyond words. You must forgive me. Do all you can to offset my indiscretion. Tell her I am a scoundrel, as indeed I am. VAN.

My first impulse was to swear. Then I was conscious of the urge of common curiosity.

"Sis," I called, as I mounted the stair.

She threw open her door. I was not surprised to see that she had been weeping.

"Were you in my room, Margaret?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Let me see the photograph," I said.

Without a word she retrieved the picture of Van Volkenberg from beneath the coverlet of her bed. I turned it over. The three words were there!

IN THE decade that followed my sister bravely recovered from her experience tho never completely understanding her course that evening. I saw much of my friend, who gave up more and more of his time to eccentric hobbies. Latterly his health had been poor, due, I believe, to the long hours he devoted to his obscure pursuits. For a year now each time I encountered him he seemed taller, thinner and more ethereal, and on the occasion of the short trip we made to Detroit to attend the funeral of a fraternity brother, I rallied him on his poor physical condition.

It was not long after one of these most tiresome trips—there had been a series of funerals recently, all of which Van insisted we should attend—that a telephone message came to the office of The Daily Star, where I held down the desk of the city editor, informing me that my friend was seriously ill.

"Has he any near relatives?" the nurse asked, anxiously, when I arrived.

"None that I know of," I said.

She hesitated.

"Oh, you may tell me all," I said.

She seemed relieved.

"It just comes over me," she went on, "that I must confide in some one close to him. You know, Dr. Prescott is utterly unable to diagnose his case. The sick man is so strange."

"How long has he been in bed?"

"For more than a week."

"Has he asked for me before?"

"No. He gave us your name, Mr. Norcross; but he stated that we were not to call you until he said we might."

The nurse suddenly paused.

"Listen!"

In the silence we could hear the slight sound that accompanies the movement of bedclothes; then again all was still.

"Just so!" was the whispered exclamation of the nurse. "I leave him apparently sound asleep and the minute I am gone he sits up. Twice I have caught him standing up in his bed. The first time he paid no attention to me, but merely stared at the group photograph of young men which hangs on the wall at his bedside. Dr. Prescott experimented by removing the picture while he slept." The eyes of the nurse widened at her recollection. "Mr. Van Volkenberg was furious when he awoke. I had at once to replace the photograph."

"Let us go in," I said.

The sick man was asleep. In a few minutes he opened his eyes.

"Yes, I'm sick, old scout," he said, extending a lean hand.

I sat at the foot of his bed and during our conversation noted that his burning eyes returned frequently to the photograph. After a time I took ostensible leave, but remained below stairs as I wanted to talk with Dr. Prescott.

"A most peculiar case," affirmed the physician later. "He appears to be merely wasting away."

I spoke of the photograph, and while the nurse waited for an opportunity to spirit it from the sickroom, told Dr. Prescott much of Van Volkenberg's background and mental idiosyncrasies. When finally the nurse brought the photograph I laid it on the table face up where the light shone full on it.

"Your patient," I began, "is hypochondriacal; but worse, he is riding a hobby—to his death. This is a photograph of men in our fraternity, of whom these (I indicated each in turn) have died. Now for some——"

"Do that again," cut in the physician.

"Do what?"

"Point out the faces of the men who have died."

I let my finger run along the zig-zag line made by their heads.

"Have any of the others died?"

"No."

"Hum!"

The nurse and physician exchanged glances.

"What letter in the alphabet does that make?"

The heads of twenty-five men were in the photograph, eight each in the first and second rows, and nine in the third. The photographer had arranged us with great precision; all save Van Volkenberg and myself, who constituted the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth men, at the extreme upper right-hand corner of the picture.

I ran my finger over them once more, indicating each in the order of his decease.

"By George!" I exclaimed. "It makes a perfect 'W' except for—for——"

Suddenly my voice trailed.

"Except for the addition of the last head," supplemented the physician, "and that head, owing to the slightly irregular position of the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth men, might be either—yours or that of the sick man upstairs."

Dr. Prescott addressed the nurse: "Please bring me that old book."

When she returned, the physician took from her a fine old volume in the original sheep, which I recognized as one of Van Volkenberg's favorites. It was a work on the early civilization of India.

"Mr. Norcross," he said, opening the book and taking therefrom some slips of papers which he passed over to me. "Your coming tonight has been a bit of singular good fortune for me as a professional man. I have here that which furnishes a precise diagnosis of the sick man's ailment. The nurse has been finding these papers every day in his room now. He has marked them himself. Please examine them."

I did so. Printed on each slip, time and again, was the incomplete letter "W"!

"Now," added the physician. "Glance over this page where it is marked."

He handed me the leather-bound book and I read:

"The Punjador peoples gave curious prominence to the symbol W, equivalent of the twenty-third letter in our alphabet. Its influence is detected in all phases of their existence. Their villages and burying grounds were laid out in the form of a W. Their worship was of a stone image with the symbol deeply graven in its brow. All their precious stones were so mounted in form; and some savants there are, notably M. Gautier, who maintain that the members of this most extraordinary race wore the W branded on their foreheads from their fortieth year as a specific indication that their time on earth was limited. However that may be, no one may dispute that to the Punjadors the relation between death and the symbol described was marvelously close.

Be it here stated, Dr. Prescott showed a complete sympathy with, and understanding of, his patient's malady.

"It has become an obsession," he announced. "Mr. Van Volkenberg, in his weakened state, is simply killing himself with the delusion that he is to die next. The order pursued by the Grim Reaper in the death of your fraternity brothers is a remarkable coincidence, but after all, it is only a coincidence, and life is full of such things."

"And you think," I asked, "that he will recover if he is disillusionized?"

"Absolutely," returned the physician.

"How, then, to rid my friend of his hallucination?"

Even as we discussed it, a plan, daring indeed, leaped into my mind. I threw myself into a chair and toyed with the thought for a few minutes, canvassing it from every angle. Dr. Prescott was about to depart.

"Wait a bit, Doctor," I called. "Why not impose on Van Volkenberg by making him think I have died. This will apparently fulfill his illusion, and when he has recovered, we can justify the imposition on the ground of expediency."

The eyes of the physician snapped with accord.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "But how may it be done convincingly? I simply cannot walk in and tell him you are dead."

My plan of the cheat, calling it such, was simple. I would cease coming to visit Van Volkenberg, who could then be told that I was ill; after a day or so, thru my position as city editor on The Daily Star, we would get out a fake edition announcing that I had suddenly died. A single copy could be brought to Van Volkenberg's attention. An old device, it is true, but nevertheless a telling one.

THE next two days I remained away from the house of the sick man, and during that time, pursuant to the scheme, Van Volkenberg was informed that I was slightly indisposed. On the third day, thru the good offices of my friend, McCuaig, the canny Scotsman in charge of the composing room, there was inserted in the front page of the Star a brief announcement of my death. One copy only of the sheet was run, and that night I myself called at Van's home and left the paper with the nurse.

Twenty-four hours passed with no word. Then over the telephone came the voice of Dr. Prescott. His rare discrimination made him cautious.

"There has been a change," he said, guardedly.

"For the better?" I demanded.

"Indeed, yes."

I waited for more; but no details came.

"See here, doctor," I said. "You may tell me all. Be assured that I love Van Volkenberg, and loving him, I understand him. His physical reaction to the news of my supposed death can in no way mar our friendship. Good God! He was in the process of final dissolution, the time when Man experiences his supremest moment of egotism. I am actually quoting your patient's own words. So tell me all."

A laugh, evidently of relief, came to me.

"Well," resumed the physician. "Our friend is absolutely recovered. He is this moment up and dressed and calling for his pipe. It is the most extraordinary thing I have ever witnessed."

"Fine!" I said. "Your next task will be to keep him from coming to my funeral. He's been death on funerals, you know!"

That evening, however, I experienced a slight sensation of dizziness and went home early from my work. Then it was that a droll thought came to me: Suppose I should die? "But that," I reflected, "is absurd. Van is now well. I am perfectly fit. That the ignorant vagaries of a primitive peoples should project themselves into our twentieth century is entirely idiotic."

Several hours I spent in a reclining chair before the grate-fire. I did not feel like retiring; instead I wanted to sit up and discuss with myself my anomalous position and the devastating circumstances under which my friend Van Volkenberg's recovery had been effected.

Just how were we to break it to him that I was very much alive and kicking? Certainly it would not do to permit him, unprepared, to meet me. That would be ghastly. My mind, lifted to the rare plane of the occasion, raced on; and again and yet again the thought intruded—literally thrust itself home to me—that howsoever glibly I had assured Dr. Prescott of my forgiveness of Van Volkenberg for his self-interested acceptance of my fictitious death, I was hurt. Yes. That was it. By Jove! It hurt. With all due allowance for human egotism, even in the throes of death, the incident gave simple evidence that after all the best of us are merely greedily interested in ourselves. Yea, that the fine fire of friendship has its definite limitations; the love of brother-sister, husband-wife, parent-offspring, and so on, with the possible exception of mother-child, simply does not stand up under the strain.

Bah! And then to seek to differentiate the human animal from his brothers of the field and woodlands and claim for them immortality!

And yet—and yet——

At noon of next day, feeling immeasureably better, I found myself at the office. My attention was at once directed to the young woman society editor. She was reading a newspaper and crying over it. This in itself was sufficiently unusual, because during the years of her employment, for her rare enthusiasm and studiously reserved attitude toward the other members of the staff, she had come to be known as "Miss Prim." I walked over behind her and glanced at the sheet.

The first thing I noted was my own photograph. Beneath it were the words: "ALVIN NORCROSS DIED TODAY."

A sensation of unutterable joy swept over me.

I laughed aloud.

"Oh, pshaw!" I exclaimed. "McCuaig is carrying the thing too far."

The girl left her seat and with streaming eyes came toward me. She did not seem to see me.

"Alice!" I called, using her Christian name for the first time. "It's all a joke. Do not cry."

But she did not hear me. She couldn't hear me.

She walked right thru me!

Pendleton's Terrible Night.

"YOU were restless in your sleep last night," said Mrs. Pendleton to her husband as he sat down to breakfast.

"Yes," confessed Pendleton. "I had a frightful dream."

"That's what comes of eating a whole pie and a subdivision of cheese before retiring."

"It was horrible," amplified Pendleton. "I dreamed that the old order of things had been revised and that wives went forth and labored in the marts of trade while their husbands stayed at home and did the housework. Under the changed state of affairs you were holding down a job in the business district, and I stayed here."

"Well, I don't see anything about such a dream to make you roll and toss as you did," said Mrs. Pendleton.

"Wait until you hear the details, my dear!" suggested Pendleton. "They are harrowing. I dreamt that before you started for your office in the morning you had caught me gossiping with Neighbor Riddle over the backyard fence after we had finished hanging up our respective weekly washes, and that you upbraided me terribly in the hearing of a select gallery of neighbors. Immediately, and in the same public eye, you accused me of extracting two bits from your knickerbockers the night before as you slept the sleep of the innocent. By tearful pleading, I finally got you to hush, but not before you had loudly accused me of breaking your most prized humidor in one of my clumsy attempts at cleaning the glassware. When I begged you to mail a letter to father, asking him to come and visit me for a week or so, you cruelly beat me with an infirm mop handle."

"My goodness," said Mrs. Pendleton. "Wasn't it horrible?"

"It was," agreed her liege lord, "but the worst is yet to come. Farther along in my dream I was entertaining my Men's Neighborhood Club in the parlor after we had discussed the question, 'Should the Husband Have More Money Than His Wife Gives Him?' when there was a din outside and I saw three large lady policemen bringing you into the house. They had, the copettes explained, picked you up as a disorderly character in a tearoom, where you and your friends had been shaking dice for tea.

"All of you had become intoxicated on the Young Hyson. A fight had ensued when one of your companions had insisted that a dice with six spots up must be greater than a dice showing only one spot to the ceiling.

"Our men's meeting was broken up sine die, and you went to bed, hanging your hat on the telephone and throwing your jacket over the chandelier.

"My, the humiliation I suffered in my dream was inconceivable! No more pie and cheese banquets for me at night again."

Mrs. Pendleton laughed. "It's too bad about you," she said. "If a lot more men would eat pie and cheese and get an idea of what we women endure this might be a better world eventually."

"Let the other women go to it, then," said Pendleton. "Only, I've had enough."

Dream On!

"BOB, dear, I had a wonderful dream last night."

"What did you dream?"

"I dreamt that you gave me a beautiful string of pearls."

"Well, dear, dream tonight that you lost them."

Closing Chapters and Final Disclosures in the New York Mystery Story

The Devil's Pills

By Crittenden Marriott

A Summary of Last Week's Installment

Claire was surprised to learn that Ayesha, too, was alive and at present in New York. From Claire's account of her experiences at the hands of

HASSAN BEY, the Turkish commander in Armenia, and the terrible men under him, Charley got plenty of material for a wonderful newspaper story. She told how friendless native and American girls had been torn from her protection to be slain, maimed, beaten or forced into wretched captivity. She related how she had been cruelly tricked by

HERR LILIENKRANZ, the German consul who had been ordered by his emperor to superintend the evacuation of the Armenians from the war-stricken regions, but who had fled to the United States, bearing with him the priceless jewels of the Shrine of the Redeemer, in a great Armenian cathedral, which she had tried to save, but which the German had obtained from her by trickery. Lilienkranz was none other than the man calling himself "Otto Werder," who was recently found murdered, and upon whose trail the German Crown Prince had sent a number of avengers, with instructions to bring back the jewels and to punish him who had dared to steal his imperial master's loot.

The story began in No. 12, the Ledger for March 25. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

His Quarry Turned and Sprang Upon Him With a Shower of Furious Blows.

CHAPTER X.

HATTON leaned back in his chair and stretched his cramped muscles. Then he gathered together the pages on which he had typed out the story and walked with them into the city editor's den. Hibbs, however, was not there, and Charley "spiked" his story on an iron hook and left the room and the building.

An hour later he returned, sat down at his machine and once more began to type furiously:

THE JEWELS.

"Somewhere in London" stands an unpretentious stone building in which is housed the headquarters of the British intelligence service. In it centers the far-flung web whose mesh envelops the whole earth. To it from the remotest isles of the seven seas and from the practically more remote capitals of the Germanic Powers comes day after day thru a thousand channels from a million sources a never-ceasing flow of information. Bit by bit the items come. Taken alone each may be valueless or nearly so; taken together they forge an ever-tightening commercial and economic chain that in good time will throttle the blond beast that leaped upon the inoffensive world.

Britain was slow to embark upon this work. Like America she did not take kindly to spying. But, once forced into it to meet the all-pervasive system built by Germany during years of treacherous peace, she far out-stripped her teacher. At headquarters she has collected and collated a vast card-index, holding information on nearly every man in the world and on nearly everything that he has done in the last three years.

Thousands of the stories are complete, rounded out, requiring no further elucidation, even tho to many of them finis has not yet been written. Tens of thousands of them are still imperfect, tho day by day they are being perfected. Millions more are inchoate, confused, baffling, waiting for the key that, like the master drop in the chemist's solution, will precipitate the ingredients and make all clear.

To this office came Claire Gilbert, a year after her escape from the clutch of the German consul in far-away Armenia. To tell by what long-continued paths of suffering and terror she had reached it would fill a book by itself. Suffice it to say that she had at last reached London and friends.

But she had not reached it in health and strength. Weeks went by without her being able to recall her own name and home. Later, grown stronger, she told her story to be added to the long record of horrors that for centuries will be associated with "Kultur" and with Armenia. Of the jewels she spoke but briefly, considering them lost forever.

But the cards of the intelligence office carried a jewel story to which hers was a supplement—the story of a German consul, who had been dispatched by the emperor himself to supervise and direct the "evacuation" by the Mohammedans of the Christian Armenians from their homes. This consul, who had won high praise by the thoroness with which he had acquitted himself of his task, who had even been ranked with the man who sank the Lusitania, had suddenly vanished. That he had done so by his own will appeared certain from the fact that the emperor had offered a great reward for him—alive or dead.

The cards also chronicled the destruction of the great Armenian cathedral and the disappearance of its priceless jewels, but they contained no note that these jewels had ever reached the hands of the Crown Prince, for whom they were reported to have been destined.

Claire's story bound these supposedly unrelated facts into a continuous whole, so plain that a child could read it. The consul had stolen the jewels and fled with them.

He must be found. America was practically the only place of refuge open to him in the war-circumscribed world; and to America the search was directed.

Ultimately a man supposed to be he was found; and Clair was promptly shipped across the water to see and if possible to identify him.

With the placing of her foot upon her native soil Claire's memory returned. She knew who she was and where she had lived. But she did not go to her friends nor even send them word. Tho every fiber of her body, every wish of her heart impelled her thereto, duty forbade.

They thought her dead; to notify them at once would hasten the salving of an old wound; but it might—thru the newspapers—warn the former consul that the avengers were on his track. So, without a word to tell that she had risen from the grave, Claire went, with those who awaited her, to the Chimney-stack Building, where, carefully concealed, she waited till Otto Werder passed. Then she promptly identified him as the missing German consul.

Delay followed. Werder might have been arrested at once. But to arrest him would not necessarily be to recover the jewels. He could not possibly escape; the web had enveloped him too completely; at any time it could be drawn tight. It was best, therefore, to watch him for a while and see whether he might not betray, or whether he could be forced to betray, the hiding place of the jewels.

There were, however, difficulties about this. Werder had been found and pointed out by Armenians living in New York. The eye of hate is keen; and the Armenians owed a bitter debt to Consul Lilienkranz. Day by day, week by week, their longing for vengeance had grown, as, bit by bit, the tale of the infamies he had perpetrated on their helpless kindred had drifted in. When they learned from London that he was supposed to be in America and very possibly in New York they joined upon his trail with the deadly persistency of sleuth-hounds.

When he was found and identified as Otto Werder most of them waited for the law to act.

But not all of them. Many knew only too well that America had not yet learned the bitter lesson that leniency is considered by the Prussians a sign of weakness or of fear—a subject fit only for derision. Many knew that American law could and would take no note of crimes committed in far-away Armenia. At most it would intern; and internment was too light a punishment to satisfy those whose kindred had perished at Werder's hands.

The law might also give back the jewels—in time; but no recovered jewels could pay for the innocent blood. So, tho most of those who knew of Werder's presence held off and waited for the law, a few moved instantly to wreck private vengeance.

One of these would-be avengers was Ayesha, the snake-charmer, who, surviving her terrible experience, had, like Claire, succeeded in getting back to America, where she had resumed her stage work—the work she had given up in order to follow Claire to the land of her infancy to help in the evangelization of her own people. Bankrupt of faith in the justice and mercy of God, she had done what she could to take vengeance. But she had not killed—for Werder had not died by the bite of a snake.

Another would-be avenger was he who had wired the electric-light cable into Werder's room, only to have his device brought to naught by the interposition of Ayesha's cobra. He, like Ayesha, had not killed—for Werder had not died from an electric shock.

A third avenger, disguised as a postman, gained access to Russell Conway's rooms by delivering to him a letter saying that it was Werder who had murdered his childhood's friend and life-long companion and sister-in-law-to-be in far-away Armenia—a letter that was certain to drive and did drive him from his rooms to Werder's. Conway's letter about the Dakota ranch came later that same day; and Conway took advantage of its arrival to prevaricate in the hope of saving his women-folks from publicity.

But this third avenger did not kill—for Werder was not pierced by a bullet!

Who was this third avenger? The question can not be answered—yet; at present he is X, the unknown quantity in the equation. Very soon, in a few hours perhaps, his identity will be known and the equation will be solved.

Already the coils are tightening about him.

* * * * * * *

One-Armed Sweeny—which, by the way, is not his real name—has been known to the New York police for years as a real Jimmie Valentine, a man of such marvelous perspicacity and refinement of touch that no hiding-place can elude him and no strong-box can defy him. Physically weak, one-armed, almost timid, abhorring violence, he was for years charged with at least one-half the city's annual burglaries. Of how many of them he was really guilty can not be said. Certainly he was never convicted, tho often arrested and often tried.

Four years ago One-Armed Sweeny was converted by Claire Gilbert. He notified the police that he was thru with crime and that thenceforth he meant to go straight.

Some of the police did not believe him; others held old grudges against him; still others—young men mostly—thought they would win reputation by convicting the man whom older officers had failed to lay by the heels. So for a time Sweeny paid the penalty of his reputation by being subjected to repeated arrest; finally, however, he was let alone.

But the memory of his skill persisted, and when the Government emissaries wished to search Werder's rooms for the jewels without leaving any trace of their visit they called on Sweeny to do the work.

Sweeny refused. He thought the invitation was a police trap. But when Claire seconded the request he consented.

On the night before Werder was killed he took advantage of the latter's absence—with Conway—and entered his rooms in the Chimney-stack Building, and began to search them. He did his work by means of an electric torch and did not touch the gas bracket. If he had touched it, he and not the cobra would have caused the fuse on the roof to melt and fall in a silvery splash.

Almost at the last, after he had searched the rooms from end to end without result, he found upon the floor a sheet of paper on which he read the typewritten words:

"Jewels will be seized tomorrow. Better get them to safety."

Long he puzzled over this message. Its wording seemed to show that the jewels were still in Werder's possession, or, at least, that the writer of the note supposed that they were. But did it show anything more?

Did it show, for instance, that the jewels had been in the apartment

and that Werder had just carried them away? Or did it show that the jewels were elsewhere and that Werder had gone to bring them home?

Sweeny did not know: But he determined to wait till Werder came home and resolve possibility into fact; and, if necessary, to possess himself of them forcibly. Into the rear room he went, pulled a chair into a favorable position for looking into the front room—when the gas should be lighted—and sat down to wait, holding the typed message in his hand.

He waited a long time—so long that he became uneasy. According to such hastily acquired information as he had been able to obtain, Werder kept very regular hours and should have been home early. That he had not come might mean something or nothing. On the whole, Sweeny felt hopeful that it might mean that he was fetching the jewels.

Once only was his vigil interrupted. At a very late hour, just when he was beginning to fear that Werder might not mean to return at all that night, a sudden "plop" from the direction of the dresser by the window made him jump. The sound, however, was not repeated; and, as a flash from his electric torch showed him no possible cause for it, he soon settled back to wait. He could not guess, of course, that he had heard the fall of the cobra from the gas bracket and that same instant the watcher on the roof was registering his finger-print on the hot metal of the silvery splash formed by the melting of the fuse.

All things end at last, however. Just when Sweeny was about to despair Werder came home.

He was drunk, too drunk to search the rooms for a possible intruder, or to find one if he did look for him. Staggeringly he made his way to the dresser and pulled at the rod of the gas-fixture. It did not light, and finally he used a match. Then he made his way to the center-table and flung a package upon it. Lastly he dropped into a near-by chair.

Sweeny was about to join him when he saw the outer door again open and another man peer in and then swiftly enter, close the door behind him, and turn the key in the lock. Then, watched by the ex-cracksman, he deliberately masked himself.

But not before Sweeny had seen and recognized his face.

Then he came forward, and shook the drunken man repeatedly by the shoulder.

Suddenly he ceased. His frame became rigid, and thru the holes in his mask he glared at the package on the table—the package which, tho he did not know it, Werder had gotten from the bank hours before and had left in Conway's safe while he had been busy in painting the town red.

Not long did the intruder hesitate. Swiftly he stepped to the windows and pulled the blinds down to the very bottom. Then, returning to the table, he tore open the package with trembling fingers.

From it there tumbled a burst of gems and jewels that might well have restored a blind man to vision. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, all the centuries-old accumulation of a great cathedral, mingled in a pile that coruscated like living fire.

Sweeny's fingers itched as he watched. Never had he seen wealth like this within arm's reach. Haltingly, as if in despite of his will, his fingers fastened on the pistol he carried. A single shot—a single shot—and . . .

His hand fell away and he straightened up. He would not do it. He had entered upon the straight and narrow way and he intended to follow it to the end.

The intruder had finished gloating and was beginning to stuff the jewels into his own pockets.

Irresolutely Sweeny watched him. The stones he had come to get were being carried off before his very eyes; and he could not decide what to do. He was well acquainted with the man who was taking them; he had known him for years and had never suspected him of crookedness. He could not believe that he had come to steal. Rather he believed that the intruder, like himself, was an emissary of the Government, sent to recover the jewels.

Sweeny had been told some, tho not all, of the history of these jewels and of the efforts that were being made to recover them. He hesitated to interfere; if he made a mistake his past repute might damn him, despite the testimony of Claire and her friends. Besides, he was not a fighting man; his crimes had been those of skill, not of violence.

While he hesitated, the moments slipped away until at last, with bulging pockets, the intruder slipped suddenly to the door and vanished.

Then Sweeny came out of his trance and followed.

Very quickly he overtook the other and began to dog his footsteps. Block after block he followed. But he was not a "trailer" nor a "shadow;" probably he did his following awkwardly. Certainly he betrayed himself, for as he rounded a corner in eager pursuit his quarry turned and sprang upon him with a shower of furious blows. Under the assault the night around him grew even blacker; the street lamps and the stars winked out together; and he lost consciousness.

CHAPTER XI.

HATTON stopped his typing and looked up. The western sun was very low and darkness was falling fast. Gathering up his papers, he went into the city editor's den and sat down.

"Hibbs," he said. "Werder was robbed the night before he was killed. You've read that story I left on your desk today and you know he had a lot of jewels that had belonged to the Armenian cathedral. I don't know where he had been keeping them, but somebody got on their track and wrote him a letter that induced him to bring them to his rooms the night before he was killed. Then that somebody went there and stole them, and the next morning he murdered Werder!

"I'm going to try to recover them tonight. I've written as much of the story as I can and I'm going out to get more. Meanwhile, I wish you'd have the stuff set and send a proof of it on to me at police headquarters. I'll probably have to change the story more or less after I catch the man—if he doesn't catch me instead; but I need the proof of the story, as it stands, to help me catch him."

Hibbs whistled softly.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "That sounds like a mouthful. Want any help?"

Hatton shook his head.

"Not at present," he said.

"Well! Call on me if you do. If there's going to be a muss I'd like to be in on it. I'm not on the shelf yet, even if the old man has made me an editor. Um! How about that other story of yours—the one you left on my desk this afternoon? It's all set."

"Run it tomorrow morning. This story"—Hatton patted the sheets in his hand—"this story I may have to hold for twenty-four hours. I'm not sure yet. Now listen carefully, old man, and do just as I ask. It's important."

"Sure. But——"

"This second story speaks of the British intelligence office having directed the pursuit of Werder—which, incidentally, means the pursuit of the man who killed Werder. I had to write it that way. As a matter of fact, most of the references should be to both the British intelligence and to our own intelligence offices; but if I had brought in our men the story would scare the murderer too much.

"I want to leave him hope for escape. Later, if I'm not here to do it, I want you to edit our men into the proof. For the rest, I've written a key to the story with the name of the thief and some other things. Here it is." Hatton held out a sealed envelope. "Open this at 12 o'clock tonight precisely and do exactly as it directs—or you'll probably never see me alive again."

"Eh! Oh! I say, Charley——"

"At 12 precisely. Send the proofs of this story to me at police headquarters the minute they're ready. I'll be there till I've had a little matter out with Heber. After that I'll be—God knows where!"

Two hours later Hatton sat in the pressroom at police headquarters poring over a proof of his story that had just been brought to him by a messenger from the office. Just as he finished reading it he was called to the telephone.

"Heber's just left home, Charley," said a soft, feminine voice over the wire.

(Continued on Page 22.)

Is This Your Type?

By MARIE LA ROQUE

The Sallow Beauty

Sallowness is usually regarded as something that stands in the way of beauty. One of the most frequent queries that comes to the editor of the popular woman's magazine who answers the questions on health and beauty is this: "How can I overcome sallowness?" Obviously the average woman wants to be pink and white. But the fact remains that many a beautiful woman has been not just olive-skinned, but actually sallow. And it isn't always due to poor health, either, tho our idea usually is that sallowness and billiousness and melancholy go together. There are some persons who are meant to be that way. They come from sallow stock, and this does not keep them from being both healthy and beautiful if nature and circumstances and their own habits permit.

The idea has usually been that Americans are more inclined to sallowness than the English. There is a ruddy hue about the Englishman that shows thru even a good coat of tan that the American does not possess. Sometimes this has been ascribed to our diet; it is assumed that we are a nation of pancake fiends, that we eat crullers for breakfast, and that the usual lunch for the business man consists of pie and coffee. To be sure, these things do form the backbone of some people's luncheon, but have you ever noticed how often it is that the girl with a peaches-and-cream complexion you meet at luncheon is eating pancakes and pie and coffee, whereas the sensible young thing who is eating salad and eggs and milk possesses the supposedly characteristic American pallor?

Coffee, they say, makes us sallow. There probably is no truth in this. The French drink more coffee than do the English, and they are habitually and normally more sallow. Americans, being recruited from continental sources as well as English, drink more coffee

Marie Mancini, a Sallow Beauty.

than the English, and they are more sallow. But it doesn't follow that it is the coffee that makes the sallowness. In fact, in the centuries before coffee had been brought from the Orient for the comfort of Europe, the difference between the French woman's sallowness and the pink-and-white clearness of the English woman's complexion had often been noted. Perhaps the climate of the British Isles has more to do with it than anything else.

Some persons have the idea of sallow skin that there is something rather oily about it, but even this need not be unhealthy nor need this type of woman be forever excluded from the ranks of beauties.

George Sand describes Consuello in the book that bears that character's name as of sallow example or with short black hair fastened behind her ears.

Next Week: Have You Black Eyes?

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

"They Satisfy"

A Page for the Woman in the Home

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER

BREAKFAST.

Baked Apples.
Cereal and Cream Date Biscuits
Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Bouillon
Savory Chicken Sweet Potatoes
Boiled Rice Creamed Onions
Ice Cream

SUPPER.

Egg and Tomato Scramble
Toast Celery
Jam Saltines

Date Biscuits

Flour, 2 cups.
Baking powder, 4 teaspoons.
Milk, ½ cup.
Dates (stoned and quartered before measuring), ⅓ cup.
Salt, ½ teaspoon.
Fat, 1 tablespoon.

Mix flour, baking powder and salt. Add fat with a knife or fingers and moisten to a soft dough with the milk. Add dates, turn on a floured board, pat and roll out to one-third inch in thickness. Cut with a cutter, place in a pan and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes.

Savory Chicken.

1 chicken.
2 tablespoonfuls butter.
Stock of water as required.
3 ounces of bacon.
1 shallot.
1 tablespoonful of flour.
Seasoning to taste.

Melt half the fat in a casserole, and put in the bacon. Let this fry for a minute or two, then put in the chicken, divided into joints. Add the chopped shallot, put on the lid, and let all cook gently in the fat. Turn the meat so that both sides are nicely browned, then add enough warmed stock nearly to cover, with seasoning to taste. Work the flour to a smooth paste with the rest of the fat, add enough liquor from the chicken to form a thin cream, and add it to the casserole about a quarter of an hour before serving.

Egg and Tomato Scramble

Make a pint of tomato sauce, flavored slightly with onion juice. The sauce should be thin. Pour it into a pan in which a tablespoon of butter has been melted. When bubbling hot add six eggs, beaten enough to mix whites and yolks. Add salt and pepper to taste and stir until creamy. Serve as soon as it is taken from the fire.

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

WHEN I was a tiny girl a gentleman whom my father knew brought me a Brazil-nut pod. Have you ever seen one? It is hard and brown like the bark of a tree; its shape and size are those of a small grapefruit. For months I used to shake it and would hear the Brazil nuts softly rattle inside of it. Finally, when I decided I did not care for it as a toy any longer, I got a hammer and broke it. Brazil nuts were arranged inside as sections of an orange, all fitted perfectly. Some were larger than others; some had bulging sides and others had sides that caved inward. It was fun to mix them all up and then fit them together again. I could always accomplish this fitting them together, for wherever there was a bulge in one I looked for the corresponding concavity in the remaining nuts on the table and soon found the nut that had it.

And do you know that in later years my Brazil-nut pod has been recalled to my memory often? And what you think recalls it? Well, I'll tell you. Families! Families of people I have known recall the Brazil-nut pod.

How often have we heard the plaint, "My parents—my family don't understand me." What true novel has not this element of family misunderstanding entered into in a very great degree? At random I can name "This Side of Paradise;" the young hero's self-indulgent mother understands him not at all; "David Copperfield," whose aunt and mother and stepfather cannot understand him; Dickens, himself, whose mother he never could quite forgive for sending him to work in a consummate nightmare of a workshop among the most brutal and vicious men; "The Scar," by Ruby Ayres. Take almost any novel where there are relatives at all and you'll find that those relatives have started things going by failing to comprehend the hero or heroine.

Now what possible connection can Brazil-nuts have with family misunderstanding? Let us think about it a moment: There are a number of nuts in a pod and likewise there are a number of members in a family. There are bulges in one nut and corresponding concavities in the nut next to it. One can almost hear Concavey exclaim, "How can Bulgey be so fat! I don't understand it." And we can hear Bulgey philosophizing, "Why isn't Concavey nice and rounded like me? I cannot forgive him for it! I don't think he's all there. I find no trouble in having nice bulgey sides. I simply cannot forgive him for it."

But what do we hear in human families? "Poor Doris is such a stick-at-home, always home helping mother. She doesn't have any fun out of life. I can't understand her. She gave up a dandy hair ribbon yesterday after she had saved the money for the whole vacation, and after all that she didn't buy it at all and she went and got some roses for mother. She doesn't have any good time! Gee, I wouldn't do that."

While Doris says, "Poor mother! How can Marion run out when there are dishes to do. Just because I took the ironing out of mamma's hands, mamma is at the dishes. How can, how can Marion be so heartless!"

You see where one child bulged, the other had to grow concave. Marion, the older girl, went out. Doris thus got the chance to see the tired misery in mother's eyes. Now if Marion herself had an elder sister Marion would very likely have been the one to have seen the plight of the frail mother. Then Marion's character would have been the one to have become unselfish.

Sometimes it is the y[illegible]ildren who are selfish and the eldest who is the unselfish one. But whatever the circumstances that start the first child off, the subsequent children will fashion themselves accordingly and will do so all unknowingly.

Not only do we see this happening in respect to qualities of character, such

(Continued on Page 11.)

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

SIMPLIFYING SORTING

SORTING clothes after they come up from the laundry is often a bugbear to the housewife. The task can be robbed of something of its annoyance by a little forethought. If there are various members of the family whose stockings and other underclothing have similar appearance they should be plainly marked, either with the name written indelibly in some inconspicuous place or by an initial that will make identity sure. It is a good idea to have stockings lettered or numbered so that at a glance you can tell how to sort them in pairs. The various members of the family can also have a certain color to use in making a few stitches on the hem of a stocking. In this way you can tell that all the stockings marked in blue belong to Jane, all in green are Alice's and those in yellow are Betty's.

It is a good plan to have individuality in washcloths, so that if several persons use the same lavatory or bathroom there is no chance of their becoming confused. It is possible to buy washcloths with large initials in the center. Sometimes there are individual preferences in washcloths. Then it is easy to know that those of one sort are Jane's, while those of another sort are Alice's and still others are Betty's. There is also wisdom in having bath and hand towels marked individually. Then there is no danger of using the wrong towel even when it is placed on the wrong towel rack. It is possible to get both hand towels and bath towels with a colored line in the border that will answer this purpose.

Some housewives find it a good plan to have special sheets for every bed in the house. In fact in some families sheets are regarded in the light of individual property, and are marked with the initials of the person on whose bed they are to be used. Then sheets are always returned to the room from which they came, and place is made for them on a closet shelf or in a bureau drawer, so that there is never any necessity for a linen closet for surplus bedding.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

WHAT YOU HAVE READ

THERE are some persons who never seem to read for their own amusement or instruction in the reading, but so that they can make the fact of their reading shine in their conversation with friends and associates.

There is the tiresome person who tells you the plots of the stories he has read. He is almost as tiresome as that other person who tells you the plots of the movies he sees. There are two excellent reasons why you shouldn't tell the plot of a story. In the first place you probably bore your friends when you do so. Then by telling the plot you ruin possible reading of the book for the person to whom you tell it.

It is sometimes a temptation to let your conversation reflect interesting facts that you have recently read. Mr. Brown possibly reads a magazine article on some complicated subject—relativity, or the yellow peril or oriental rugs, let us say. He is on his way to make a call on Mr. Smith. Having a facile memory his mind is rather full of the facts he has been reading. So in the course of his call he tries to steer the conversation so it approaches the topic on which he has especially informed himself. That gives him a chance to shine. He doesn't mention his recent cramming on the subject; he makes it seem as if he was just naturally well informed. Of course, that sort of thing is cheating, just a little. But the worst of it is that you are pretty sure to give yourself away. Besides the man who poses as a walking encyclopaedia is always something of a bore.

WHAT READERS ASK.

"Should a 3-year-old child be allowed to use a spoon for eating vegetables?"

There is nothing objectionable in this, altho a child of that age enjoys mastering the use of a small fork, and so laying the foundation of later table manners.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

CYNTHIA

Of Greek mythological origin is Cynthia, most charming of feminine names. Originally it was the title given to Artemis, or Diana, the moon goddess, since she and her brother Apollo, the sun god, are fabled to have been born upon Mount Cynthus, in Delos. In poetic nomenclature, Cynthia became the synonym for moon.

Milton employs the term frequently:

"While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak."

Since Diana or Cynthia was the virgin goddess of Greek mythology, England's virgin queen, Elizabeth, was often alluded to as Cynthia in the literature of her time. The name was therefore very popular in Great Britain as a mark of honor toward royalty, but its real vogue is in America, where it has had especial prominence.

The musical quality of the name, combined with its poetic origin, has always made it popular among the arts. One of the loveliest pictures of the art world is called "Cynthia" and personifies the goddess of the night as a strikingly beautiful woman veiled in mysterious shadowy draperies.

The hyacinth, which breathes forth its greatest fragrance at night, is Cynthia's flower. But the relationship of the flower and the name is even more closely and romantically expressed in the legend of the hyacinth's origin; the flower sprang from the blood of Hyacinthus, a beautiful youth, beloved by Apollo, and killed by the latter thru an unlucky throw of the discus; it bears upon each petal the letters "Ai," the Greek exclamation of grief.

Emerson speaks of

"The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom."

It is fitting, therefore, that Cynthia should have the hyacinth or jacinth for her talismanic jewel. But the maid who bears the name is more than ordinarily fortunate, for she has another lucky gem, the moonstone. The deep blue hyacinth protects her from danger of accident or disease, while the moonstone, with its milky opalescence, promises her true love and the power to read the future in relation to love, if she places the stone in her mouth when the moon is full. Sunday is her lucky day and 3 her talismanic number.

Next Week: JUDITH. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 9 and 26

When a Bad Man Comes Back

By Will H. Grattan

A GROVE of cottonwoods hid Fred Selby from the view of any one in the ranchhouse at his back. His easy escape from his guards elated him. But his eyes held their look of trouble as he gazed appraisingly past the rusty, tangled wire fence to another farmhouse rearing a parched roof above a deep garden.

"Looks tame," muttered Selby. "Too darn tame! And I thought there was red blood in Colorado."

He could see faintly the hollyhocks that bloomed against a decrepit board barrier inclosing the home.

"There wouldn't be any help there," the youth told himself.

Even as he shook his head, there came sounds of revelry from the ranchhouse behind him. A piano blared, a quick-moving staccato "rag."

Selby's eyes circled the horizon and then, with a last despairing look backward, he forced down one strand of the wire fence and, carefully, to avoid catching his clothes on the barbs, crawled thru.

"A long chance," he whispered.

There was a friendliness about the hollyhocks, but Selby feared they were symbolic of the people abiding there, friendly but helpless. He knew of no other ranch in the neighborhood where flowers were grown, where the assiduous care necessary to their raising could be spared from the task of caring for cattle.

His knock on the back door sounded so loud it almost terrified him. After a slight delay, the portal opened a slim crack. The dark-hued face of a Mexican peered thru the aperture.

"What want?" demanded the Mexican. He was brusque. There was no welcome in his hard-set, jetblack eyes.

"I want to see the boss of this ranch," retorted Selby.

He tried to be firm without appearing belligerent. He wanted help, not more enemies. The Mexican's manner grated on his already raw nerves. He was certain this man was not the rancher. The garden belied that.

Selby Wheeled Just in Time to Stop "Slim's" With a Jolt to the Solar Plexus.

The fellow's eyes left Selby's face for no more than an instant, but in that time took him in, from the flappy brown hat to his thick army shoes. Selby's face was browned but slightly. An observer of experience would decide quickly that he had not been for long a roamer of the range. But in spite of this and in spite of the apparent frankness in his piercing, blue-gray eyes, there was a subtle quality in his face, a tinge of hardness, perhaps, as if he had seen more than youth should rightly behold yet had clung to some ideals notwithstanding.

If the swarthy man behind the door were impressed he showed no signs of it.

"What business with boss?" he asked.

"Private," said Selby shortly. "And important! I'm from the ranch over there, Bassett's."

The Mexican grunted. Mention of Bassett's name seemed to make emphatic his air of antagonism.

"Wait," was the word that Selby gained.

The door was shut in his face.

"Orders is orders," muttered Selby.

About the lines of his mouth was a settled grimness. He looked out at the garden and spied a scrubby rose tree.

"Like back home," Selby thought. "Wonder if I'll ever see that again?"

The door reopened. The Mexican stepped aside, with a native air of stealth, and motioned Selby within.

"He see," was the terse announcement.

The youth took note of the neatness of the kitchen as he passed thru it. This was in keeping with the garden. Then he forgot all such details in the thought of what had brought him here.

He entered the living-room thru a curtained doorway, stooping to avoid the draperies. When his eyes had mirrored the man before him, he was aware of even a greater feeling of disappointment than he had anticipated.

If this were the rancher, he thought, then his last hope of aid in this quarter was gone. The man before him appeared so meek, so wizened. He had a thumb in a cloth-bound book. Selby read the title. It was "Lavender and Old Lace."

"Gee, whiz! This guy belongs in an old lady's home," was the conclusion that leaped to Selby's mind.

He decided he would make some pre-

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—Adv.

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

(Continued From Page 10.)

as tidiness and untidiness, carefulness and carelessness, pride in appearance and no pride, but we see it in such things as talents. Where one becomes a lawyer, another will seek a surgeon's degree and a third will be a lecturer.

So, you see, we are not entirely of our own making in the beginning: Brought together in the same family makes us tend to become later different from each other. I heard a wee conversation only yesterday. Two little boys of 3 and 4 years were leaning sulkily against the kitchen table. The older issued a statement and his tone of voice was antagonistic. "When I grow up I'm going to be a doctor like papa and marry mamma." The younger, now that the gantlet was thrown, cast about valiantly for something "just as good."

"Well, I wouldn't be an old doctor for all the world and I wouldn't marry anybody"—he thinks of the last story that has been read to both of them—"I'm going all over the whole world and bring back pearls and furs and elephants." There is the beginning of a concavity and a bulger!

WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?

Editor's Note: Have you a peculiar problem of the heart that is vexing you? Are you puzzled as to the rule to follow in some social event in which you are to participate? Do you wish specialized information on any subject? Do you wish to consult some one upon any phase of painting, sculpture, music, the stage, or writing? Do you want to ask a question concerning beauty culture?

If so, you are invited to put your question to Victoria Grey. The chief condition of publication in the column which will appear on Page 2 is that it shall be of general interest—one that all of us may read with profit to our understanding. Only your initials will be published in our columns, or, if you prefer, your pseudonym as it appears at the bottom of your letter.

Victoria Grey, born and reared on a farm, has been in turn a successful portrait and landscape painter, a successful actress—starring on Broadway, and a successful musician. In the many short-stories and widely published novels which have flowed from her pen she has constructed literally thousands of heart problems and other kinds, too, and solved them all for her readers.

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tense for his call; then break away.

"My name is Selby. I'm from over to Bassett's. Guess we haven't met before," he began.

The man's mild blue eyes looked his caller over casually.

"Lucas' my moniker, lad," he croaked.

He took Selby's hand. The grip was light, almost ladylike.

"Don't have many callers from over thataway," he greeted.

Selby waited for further words. None came. Lucas settled back into the red plush of his big chair and motioned Selby to a rocker. Selby remained standing.

"Most of us been pretty busy," he remarked.

His restless fingers twisted his flappy hat. Something moved behind the portieres dividing the living-room from the parlor. Selby thought he glimpsed the profile of a girl's face; then he heard the slight swish of a skirt. A moment later and a door closed, with a faint sound he barely identified. His thoughts returned with a start to listen to his host, who had begun a hospitable monologue.

"Hear something over at the Bassett place now and then," Lucas was saying. "If I was younger now, that music 'd make me right kittenish. Must be young fellows, I take it."

"Bassett's not young," returned Selby.

"Reckon not. I've seen Bassett. He was over here once. Sort of didn't look like a rancher."

"No, he's no rancher;" the bitterness crept into Selby's tone. He felt impelled to tell his story to this little old man, just for the relief there would be in the telling.

"Well, I couldn't quite place him," Lucas went on placidly.

Selby's impulse receded only to return with compelling force at the next words.

"Wondered if he were some society bug from all the folks I seen come there," Lucas proceeded. "But he don't look like society, nuther."

"He looks, I guess, just what he is—a rotten crook!" burst out Selby. "But I didn't see it soon enough."

Lucas shifted slightly in his chair and stroked a silky gray mustache.

"Kind of pizen words," he commented. "Maybe he ain't so bad as all that. Try to think well of yore fellow man, Mr. Selby."

"I've sure tried with Bassett," answered Selby. "There was every reason I should, at first. But it's beyond that now."

"He really is a bad one, eh?" Lucas' voice was mild. Selby wondered if he resented the interference in his perusal of "Lavender and Old Lace."

"Don't make 'em worse," Selby declared. "If it were just me, now, I'd beat it quick—put a lot of alkali between him and me. But there's somebody else."

The old man showed curiosity.

"Ain't a gal, is it?" he asked. "There usually is a gal."

"Not this time," the youth informed him. "It's my buddy. We were together in the mixup over across, you know. He got gassed. But, pshaw, I guess you've heard a lot about these cases. They're a flock of 'em here in Colorado."

Selby started to leave.

"I won't bother you with my trouble, I guess," he said. "Glad to have met you."

"Set down," retorted Lucas, in a voice that while still low held some note that compelled the youth to obey.

"Let's hear, anyway," Lucas entreated.

SELBY told him. He explained how he and his buddy, Jim Ballinger, had started West in the hope that the Colorado climate would benefit Jim's laboring lungs; how they had met Bassett on the train and struck up an acquaintance.

"Bassett was so darned friendly that we both rather took to him," Selby said. "He declared he was going West for his health, too. Told us all about his Colorado ranch. Then the idea seemed to strike him sudden that the ranch would be just the place for my buddy. Jim's eyes, they just shone. When I saw that, why, Bassett's pasty old face was like an angel's to me.

"'I've got work for you both,' he said. 'You'll come?'

"I guessed we would, all right.

"'By the way,' he put it to me a bit later, 'you said your chum can hammer the piano good, didn't you?' So I said he was sure a wiz at that. No lie, either.

"'Then he'll not have to do heavy work,' Bassett said.

"Bassett's partner met us at the train in Denver. Nick Walters, I guess you know him. I didn't cotton to him; he'd an ugly scar which wasn't against him, but he looked too sort of untamed. But, say, you'd oughta seen the way Jim's face lighted up at the end of our trip. So we comes along to Bassett's. I'd licked anybody who wanted to take that joy out of Jim's eyes.

"No use goin' into long particulars. I couldn't be at the house all the time; Bassett saw to it that I got sent out on the ranch. They——

"Well, Jim got to hitting the moonshine, playing the piano for these parties. By the time I found out what sort of a fellow this Bassett really is—he's a big Chicago crook, got chased out there—Jim was going it strong, playing for the wild bunch Bassett got out here. When Jim had been testin' the white mule, he didn't want to leave. When he hadn't, he was so blue he wouldn't go, either. Bassett had a bunch of his bad eggs out here from the East, layin' low for a while. And they kept Jim loaded up, so's he'd play for 'em.

"I argued and argued, but it did no good. Then he got so weak one day he just tumbled over in a heap. They come back after him to the bunkhouse a couple of hours later and I tried to fight 'em, but there were too many for me. Then's when I took on a couple of personal guards, a fellow named Darlrye and another called 'Big Slim.'

"I'm not goin' to bother you with much more of it. Anyway, they began giving Jim dope to keep him up and goin'. Spite of it, he collapsed again today. Darlrye and Big Slim took him out of the bunkhouse just now; said he'd be better off in the house. I sneaked while they was away. I've got to get Jim out somehow and it can't wait. They'll kill him."

His face paled.

"I oughtn't to left him alone this long," he reproached himself.

Without even waiting to see how the story had affected old Lucas, Selby plunged out thru the kitchen and the rear door. He had a feeling of regret at what he considered his loss of time.

"Jim must 've needed me," he muttered.

But it wasn't Jim to whose aid he was to go first. For as he made his way thru the garden, back toward Bassett's, his quick ears caught the hum of angry voices. One was a girl's, raised slightly in defiance. Selby heard rough answers and recognized the voice of Darlrye. He ran forward, darting across flower beds, toward the fence and the quarrelers. Slim's voice mingled with the others.

"They started after me," Selby decided. "Then they ran afoul of a girl. Must be the one I saw thru the curtains."

Rounding the end of a row of the flower bushes, he was almost on the two men and the girl. Darlrye had grasped her by an arm and was holding a bottle of white liquor toward her face.

"Come on, kid, just a taste," urged Darlrye, with a leer.

The girl's face, already flushed, turned a dark brick red. With lightning rapidity she dashed the bottle from the thug's hand.

Darlrye snarled and grasped her roughly.

"You'll pay for that," he threatened.

"Let go, or I'll yell for dad," she answered, as she struggled. "He'll strangle you both with one hand."

A brave suggestion, thought Selby, but he didn't intend to have that bluff called. He had regained his breath and the next instant descended on the pair of brutes. A hard fist caught Darlrye beneath the chin and he staggered back. Selby wheeled just in time to stop "Slim's" rush with a jolt to the solar plexus that doubled up the lean yegg like a Chinese lantern.

Darlrye scrambled to his feet and came on, bellowing. Selby stepped aside agilely just in time to escape the rogue's headlong gall. The girl had tripped him cleverly. She now shouted to Selby to look out for Slim, who, still suffering from the force of the midriff blow, was creeping forward. He had snapped open a knife and clutched it in his hand. Selby picked up a stick and hurled it, catching Slim on the side of the face as he started to rise. That hit put him out of the fray.

Selby felt confident as he turned to meet Darlrye's bull-like rush with a neat jab that shook him up, but he merely slowed and came back for more.

"Here's where I get rid of the rest of my bodyguard for awhile," muttered Selby.

He sparred carefully until an opening came, then he caught Darlrye flush on the chin and he went down like a log.

"Oh, you sluggin' fool" came in shrill feminine tones.

Selby almost had forgotten the girl's presence, but now he turned to see her, standing on tiptoe, exultantly smiling at him, a smile that was saucy even while worshipful and which caused the youth's heart to miss a beat.

"She's the one who arranged that garden," he thought. "Some spunky, too."

Aloud, he said: "That's a bad pair, miss."

"Perhaps I should have shouted for dad sooner," she answered. "But then I would have missed such a good fight."

Selby didn't see why she should keep up the "dad" deception before him, but decided she must have real confidence in her father, a filial worship that Selby hoped would not be put to the test.

"You'd better get in the house before they come to," he warned, as Darlrye began to turn and groan. "If you can trust that Mex I saw, better get him on his guard."

"I'll be all right. Don't worry," she replied.

Then she added: "Thank you."

A smile flashed at him before she darted up one of the garden lanes toward home.

Selby wiggled thru the fence and started for Bassett's, realizing his grave danger from the vengeance of the thugs, but desperately determined to fight to the last for his buddy.

An interval had come in the revelry. Jim was alone. He had sunk to the corner of a couch. His face was highly flushed. The sick young man looked up dully at his friend.

"Bunkie, I'm in," muttered Jim.

"We'll get out of here yet," whispered Selby. "Let's beat it now. There'll be no time later."

Jim's eyes took on a hopeful look; then he fell to rubbing his hands together nervously.

"Yes," he agreed. "We'll go—before they get back. Bassett's sleeping, I think. Walter's went to meet somebody."

"Darlrye and Slim will be here in a minute. Come on," urged Selby.

He helped Jim to his feet; the boy went forward a few steps, then "caved." Selby tried to support him, but Jim was almost a dead weight.

"Whisky!" mumbled Jim.

His chum looked for some of the moonshine, to serve as a temporary stimulant. The thrum of a motor cut in on his search. Looking out, he beheld Nick Walters, with a crowd of men and women.

"No use," Selby sighed.

He hurried back to Jim.

"They're coming, buddy," he said. "They'll give you booze. But, remember, I'm working to get you out of this."

HARRIETT LUCAS—the girl whose escape from the two thugs had been accomplished with Selby's timely aid—returned to her home with a determination to say nothing to her father about the pair's actions, for the present. But what she saw and later heard from her father upset this plan.

She entered her home so quietly that old Lucas did not hear her. As she neared the portieres between the living-room and parlor, she saw her parent bending over an old leather case. He straightened up suddenly and Harriett noted that he held a revolver in either hand.

As if it were an every day exercise, he began twirling the guns, taking sudden aim, wheeling as if to face and exterminate a sudden foe. His quick movements, for a man of his age, were astounding. There was something uncanny about his deftness with the weapons and about the grim look on his face that had wiped out all hint of meekness.

The girl watched him for a moment, then parted the portieres. Lucas heard her step and whirled like a flash. He laughed and looked shamefaced.

"What's the matter, dad?" she asked.

"I'm revertin' back, I reckon," acknowledged Lucas. "Just seein' if I had any of the old cunning."

"You've got it, all right," the girl told him. "But it didn't look to me like a mere experiment. Who's going to get it this time?"

Lucas laid down the guns, patting the handle of each fondly.

"Oh, I don't cal'late it'll be much," he said. "Just a bit of demonstration for some yeller critters."

"Hit 'em for me, too," advised Harriett.

"What do you mean?" demanded Lucas. "Has anybody bothered you?"

"Two brutes from that Bassett ranch got unpleasant," Harriett informed him. "The young fellow who was in here to call on you gave them a good licking."

Had Selby seen Lucas' face while Harriett told of the occurrence in the garden, he never would have believed the old man to be mild or complacent.

"That settles it," Lucas said when the girl finished.

"Don't be too rough with them, dad," she urged.

"I'll wait until dark, when all the critters is in," he announced.

"Better take Miguel along," Harriett cautioned.

"Yep, he'll be useful to pick 'em up

(Concluded on Page 19.)

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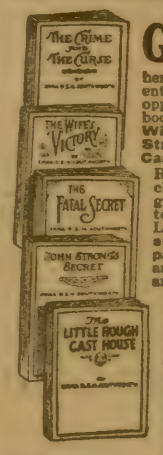

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by Horace Howard Herr

Characters That Have Already Appeared

HARDIN M'KEARNEY, General Manager of the Continental Line's Western divisions, and stockholder as well; expert railroad man who began his career as fireman on freight trains, when his big dinner paid frequently contained nothing more substantial than stale air.

KATE M'KEARNEY, the General Manager's wife, who as a healthy, jovial girl had been the life and mascot of a certain popular railroad restaurant; cashier she was, but never too proud to hand a humble railroad lad a slab o' pie and a smile.

PATRICIA M'KEARNEY, just graduated from a young ladies' seminary; full of big and noble ideas; anxious to "democratize our democracy" and to aid the Midnight Missions in "rescuing the perishing;" a good girl who always meant well.

HARDIN JACKSON M'KEARNEY, just out of college, whose mind ran principally to golf, bulldogs and cigarettes, but willing to master the railroad game from the top down; believed he could start as master bridge builder, if the governor would say the word; but the governor wouldn't say it.

JACKSON REILLY, assistant to the General Manager; was rear brakeman when Mac, Sr., fired the big freight hogs; knew and admired Kate in the old, grimy days; made his home with the happy pair after their marriage; when children arrived became the "fetch and carry," the Newfoundland dog of the family; in fact, he's the droll, humorous chap who relates the whole amusing story.

BURALEEN BISHOFF, a former seminary girl of veiled family connections; much too pink and f[illegible]sy to win Jackson's approval; Patricia's guest in the McKearney home, b[illegible] not entirely welcome, apparently, to her parents, because of her marked attentions to Hardin J., the son; scant dresser at the dinner table; "liable to fall out of her clothes most any time," according to the loquacious Jackson.

SPEEDY BARBER, ranchman and deputy sheriff much feared by cattle rustlers; a dead shot, let the foe be mountain lion or two-legged prowler; he didn't believe in wasting ammunition; friend of Jackson's and Mac's.

BILLY BARBER, Speedy's son; chip of the old block; at the age of 10, proud owner of the ill-fated Arizona burro. "Let Jackson tell about that particular burro." That's what Billy, now a broad-shouldered, regular he-man, would say.

This story began in No. 13, the Ledger for April 1. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VI.

THE elevator boy and the office help probably thought I was late on a meet order with the general manager the way I rushed thru to Mac's private stall. As a general practice all of us, including the office boy, came to a dead stop outside Mac's office door and whistled for a signal. I passed up that formality because I didn't want Mac to get out a lot of running orders for Billy until I had a chance to check them and see that they didn't lap the schedule I wanted to make for him.

The fog in Mac's private office was as thick as it is in a roundhouse where a dozen engines are blowing off. He had that turntable chair of his set out near the window, his feet on the sill, a green fire in his pipe and the draft wide open. His posture and the fog from his pipe suggested deep mental perturbation, as Pat would say.

"Where's Bill Barber?" I asked.

"Gone out to eat," Mac replied, with no show of interest.

"You don't mean to say you permitted him to go out without a guide? He'll get lost in this city jungle."

"Any time that boy can't take care of himself it's because the train dispatcher bulls the orders," Mac declared, with some show of earnestness. "Remember the first day we saw him, Jackson?"

"You forget, I'm the man who shot the bear that day. Everybody else may forget the event, but not yours truly."

Mac chuckled as he knocked the ashes from his pipe on the green rug, thereby betraying the fact that he had been brought up, it being understood that Pat would say 'reared," in a caboose.

"He was just a little kid then and yet he'd ramble all over those mountains up there with that burro——"

"And a man-size rifle," I interrupted, remembering how he stood at the base of the tree, with the rifle in the crook of his arm and his right hand conveniently near the Johnson bar, suggesting that I'd better climb down.

"He's stood on his own feet from the day he was born. When did your see him last?"

Mac looked squarely at me as he asked the question and I could tell from the expression on his face that he was looking away off at something that might have been but wasn't.

"'Bout four years ago. You know when I was west on that tie contract!"

"Wait 'till you see him now. He's the kind of a son that keeps a father swelled up like a poisoned pup! Straight-standing, clear-eyed, broad-shouldered, red-fisted he-man, that's what he is. If he was a son of mine every time I'd go down the street with him, people would be following me to see when the balloon was going up."

"Why don't you talk about something that's possible?" I asked, "a son-in-law, for example!"

Mac looked at me quick and hard, the sort of a look I've seen him use on one or two of our big stockholders when they were talking to him just before an important directors' meeting.

"Patricia never saw him, that I know of," he said finally.

"You had to meet Kate the first time, didn't you?"

"Jackson, you're rip-roaring crazy!"

"It's the company I'm keeping," I retorted. "Seeing as how I've been trailing you as long as I have no one would expect me to be quite right, would they?"

"No more coal dust, Jackson! There's nothing on between Barber and——"

"Of course not, how could there be when they haven't met?"

"What do you want to throw out a lot of red fire for when there's nothing in sight?" Mac asked in a more or less complaining voice as he got up from his chair and took a turn across the room. "We'll take him out for supper tonight. Kate will enjoy knowing him."

"There you go!" I exclaimed. "You can't handle people like you do engines and box cars. Any time you want a double header on a passenger run, of course, all you have to do is to get the engines and couple them together. Matrimony isn't like that."

"How many times have you been married?" Mac asked sarcastically.

"None. That's why I'm an authority on it. I've studied it from the outside. I haven't lost my balance. Any time you give a couple of young things a positive meet order at a wedding station there's going to be an engine failure. We're not going to try to force a man on Pat. How could you think of such a thing, Mac! You should have known that I wouldn't stand for that. Give the girl a chance to discover her own mate!"

"I wasn't thinking of imposing Barber on her." Mac protested. "I just thought it would be nice to have him out to the house——"

"But it will never do, Mac. Never in the world! What we must do is to plant him where Pat can discover him."

"Some times when you talk it sounds like a loose brake shoe." Mac said testily.

"Just the same I mean to see to it that Pat has a fair chance to couple on to Billy Barber if she wants him."

"Alright, alright!" Mac exclaimed throwing up his hands impatiently. Nobody ever could tell you anything. When you go in the ditch send me word and I'll order out the wrecker."

"I may split a switch, at that, but don't you block the main line on me. All I ask of you is to forget you ever saw this person, Billy Barber. Don't mention him at the house and if he shows up as Jim Smith or Jack Jones don't be too delighted to meet him."

"You seem to have it all fixed for Patricia; what about Hardin?"

"Well, what about him? I asked.

"I meant what I said, Jackson. The time's here when Hardin must go to work. D—n it, I'd like to see that boy amount to something! Something big, something——"

"He's going on 23 years old, now," I interrupted. "Let's see! Where were you when you were 23? Wasn't that the year you got pinched in La Junta, Colo., for trying to beat your way out of town on a coal drag?"

"But don't you see, Jackson! If he'd just do something like that I'd feel hopeful."

"Well, Mac, I can't do a regular job of train dispatching for both of them at the same time. Let me try out my hand on Pat and if I get away with it, maybe I'll try to help you out with Hardin J."

"In the meantime he's going to work," Mac declared.

"In the meantime," I repeated, "don't get in too much of a sweat about it. Watch him for a month or two. . . . I told you Billy would get lost in this wild city. Where did he go, do you know?"

"Said he'd slip into the first restaurant he found. He ought to be showing up in a minute or two. Did that burlap person change her mind about going home today?"

"Kate assured me she'd see that Bura-

(Continued on Page 23.)

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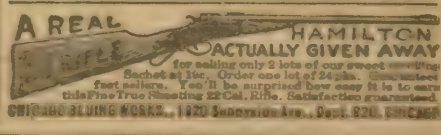

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MADE IT MYSELF JO AND I'LL GUARANTEE IT TO BE FULL PROOF

YEH?

BANG!

FOR ONCE I BELIEVE YU ANDY!

The Head of Professor Penola

(Continued From Page 4)

away from the land of soko-mitsu. It is a dark land, an evil land. Lord Death lurks there in the dim shadow where the Sun God never comes. Some of the soko-mitsus there be who tempt man far into the forest with laughter, like sweet young girls, and then as the man passes soko-mitsu, hidden among the trees, he reaches forth his great hind paw, seizes the unhappy one by the throat and tears him apart, limb by limb. Others there be of the soko-mitsu who, when wounded by man, find their voices again, lost in the long ago when they too were men, and finding their voices they curse the man who has slain them—cursing him always in his own language—be that language what it may, and the man himself, in the twinkling of an eye, also becomes a soko-mitsu, and his own tribe knows him no more, save for the memory of what he had been. And it is blotted out from the man's mind all that is past, so he takes a wife among the soko-mitsus and becomes as one of them. Bid my white brother remain away."

Professor Penola regarded the old man's talk as merely the gibberings of a demented old savage. Still, if he had not, he would not have heeded, for the overwhelming desire to explore the ape country and gorilla land, thus getting first-hand knowledge of the great man-apes that no one else had known, was an urge too strong to resist. Now that he was actually on the ground, no human agency outside of actual restraint, no phantasm of the mind, nor fear of bodily harm could have held him back. In his heart he knew that if death in some hideous unknown form lurked for him in the dim forest lying at the foot of the great hills, he would count the lust and lure of the great adventure to be sufficient recompense. He would go forward. Therefore, the old savage's admonishing words fell on deaf ears. Sam was too primitive to analyze his feelings, but he too felt the lure of the lonely woods and a desire for the adventures which they might contain.

Sam was rapidly losing all the outward forms of civilization. Already he had discarded his clothing and stood forth bravely in breech-clout, with his body well greased with fish oil. However, his derby hat still sat jauntily on his kinky head, much to the delectation and despair of the native village belles. Forgetting the two hundred pounds of quarrelsome, nagging female left behind him, Sam was fast becoming a ladies' man. Assisted by two jazz records, accidentally mixed up with the monkey records, Sam was teaching the shying, eye-rolling dusky damsels the mysteries of the fox-trot, the bunny-hug, and the turkey-toddle. But with all his social successes Sam was keen to go forward and see the great man-apes of which he had heard so much.

There came the day of departure when pack on back, compass in hand, Professor Penola and Sam went to the hut of the old gorilla hunter to bid him farewell. They found him equipped, too, for the road. "It is folly for my white brother and his servant to fare forth alone; I go with them," he explained simply, thru the interpreter, and nothing would change him from his purpose. So they set out together, the despairing glances of the young women following Sam.

All day they tramped, making very good headway, as the old hunter knew the game paths fairly well. As they penetrated more deeply into the jungle the great overhanging trees made even mid-day dim, and as night came on a deep blue inky darkness swiftly descended upon them.

Camping for the night, they ate simply of cooked food that they had brought with them, not daring to light a fire, for fear of frightening the apes, and then wrapping themselves in their blankets to protect them from the mosquitoes, they were soon asleep—that is, all but Professor Penola. He could not sleep, but lay listening to the occasional faraway forest sounds and the soughing of the night wind in the trees, which thrilled him as one is thrilled by a finely rendered musical symphony.

He was possessed with the odd feeling that he had been thru all this before, and then he smiled to himself in the dark, as it occurred to him that night after night since a boy he had dreamed of experiences such as these. Then he, too, must have slept, for when he became conscious, and opened his eyes again, the full moon high in the heavens was splashing the forest with golden glory and filtering down among the trees, making a fretwork on the leaf-littered ground.

In a few minutes he knew why he had awakened; for from far away there came to him a faint booming sound. He listened. After a time it came nearer and then suddenly a snarling scream, the like of which he had never heard before. It was a sound of chagrin, of hate, of malice. It was the gorilla's mating cry, heard only during the breeding season. Professor Penola had never heard it before, but he had read about it; so he knew the booming sound to be the enraged gorilla beating upon his chest, and the snarling scream was his gauge of battle, his challenge for possession of the female. Professor Penola awoke the old gorilla hunter and Sam, explained in a whisper what he heard, and hastily assisted by Sam got himself into the gorilla hide. The old gorilla hunter could not talk to Professor Penola, except a word here and there, but he let him know most eloquently by signs that it was battle, murder and sudden death to disturb a gorilla in the mating season.

Finally, after listening impatiently for a repetition of the gorilla's cry, during an interval which seemed hours, Professor Penola made an impatient movement to sit down. As he did so, from an entirely new direction came another booming sound, and an equally nerve-wreaking scream of hate and challenge—evidently there was to be a "battle royal" in their vicinity—an Penola meant to see it.

Making a sign for the others to remain behind if they so desired, he started creeping forward, bent almost to all-fours to conceal himself. Sam snickered hysterically. "Look out, professor; be keerful dat lady don't take you for her beau instead of one of dem udder buck gorillas; you shore does look like de picture of one of 'em——" and he really did.

Creeping forward as a gorilla walks, semi-erect, putting his arms down each time he stepped forward, the position seemed strangely natural and easy to Penola, and he thought to himself that he walked as the gorillas walked, with surprising ease. In his mind there had come a lightness and buoyancy he had never before known. Here he was, a town-raised man, never far from city sounds and city ways, roughing it in the open—and not in the open Bronx Park or the Hudson Highlands—but the primitive open—the jungle; down among the very grass, roots of life, and yet more wonderful of all, it appeared natural and commonplace to him; a something that he was familiar with.

PROFESSOR PENOLA crept forward as these thoughts seethed in his brain, nearer and nearer in the direction from which the booming sounds had come. They had ceased now. There was a hush, a stillness which in these great forests seemed to follow any unusual noise or disturbance. It was as if all the jungle life hung breathlessly, awaiting the battle of the kings.

As Penola proceeded cautiously forward his heart leaped in his mouth as seemingly just in front of him came a snarl, an indescribably venomous snarl. It seemed impossible that a sound could convey the hatred and malignancy that this snarl contained. Creeping cautiously to the right of the little game-path he was following, Penola parted the bushes carefully and looked into an open space, or glade, apparently an abandoned clearing, because here and there scattered about were keen-like blades of vegetation which he knew to be mejours, and which he had read were found usually in old African clearings. Seated on an old rotting tree trunk in the moonlight was a large female gorilla, holding a mejour in her two paws, and busily stripping off its rough outer coat from the tender heart. There was another of the blood-curdling screams and glancing in the direction Penola saw two enormous male gorillas circling slowly about each other, watching every move, altogether like two trained prize-fighters. The female apparently paid no attention to them except to glance coyly in their direction occasionally as she ate her cane.

Penola had never seen a prize fight; he had never so much as read a technical description of one. Such a thing was foreign to his taste and inclinations. However, here he was in the dress circle to witness a fight compared to which the Dempsey-Carpentier affair was an

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afternoon tea, a vocal tournament between Fifth Avenue lounge lizards. The prize was to be the lady seated complacently on the log, chewing cane, indifferent, waiting for these lords of the jungle to decide by right of conquest which one was to possess her.

This was above and beyond the wildest dream of any prize fight fan who had ever longed for a red-blooded contest in the squared circle. One of the great apes appeared to be older than the other, and as he circled about, erect, hair bristling with rage, he walked with a limp in his right leg. The hair on his back, Penola could see clearly in the moonlight, appeared dull and mangy, and altogether he had the appearance of age. Hairless spots upon his great chest, arms, legs and jaw showed the scars of many previous battles. His deep-set angry eyes had a shifty cowardly look and he glanced hurriedly and furtively about him as if he would like to make a get-away.

The younger ape did not allow him any such privilege. He pressed nearer and nearer as they circled, and he showed every aggressive indication of desiring to rush the fighting. The younger gorilla was a splendid specimen. Upon his head there was not a blemish or a scar. His attitude was as full of dandified, conceited courage as ever was James J. Corbett's in his younger days. By his attitude and manner he seemed to say: "Yes, old boy, for years now you have lorded it over these woods, cuffing us young cubs (many of us your own sons), appropriating the best cane stalks, eating the tender young birds from the nests, selecting the youngest and best-looking wives for yourself. But it's my turn now! Come on and take your medicine like a man!"

Suddenly the two ceased circling. There followed a series of the nerve-racking, ear-splitting snarls and shrieks. Then they beat with their fists upon their mighty hairy chests, the blows giving forth the booming sound Penola had at first heard, and then those two mighty man-monkeys crashed together and the battle was on. With tooth and paw, each fought for the other's throat. Apparently they regarded the throat as a point of vantage and as Penola thought of the great blood-vessels and nerves of the neck, he saw the advantage of it.

The younger gorilla, breaking the old one's guard, viciously sank his teeth in his right shoulder. The older one tore himself loose with a scream of rage, leaving a great strip of flesh in the other's teeth. He grabbed the younger one's left shoulder with his paw, and with his right he hit him a slapping blow that sounded like the thud of a pile-driver hammer. This knocked the young one backwards. He reeled and the old gorilla grabbed him about the middle. Heedless of the terrible punishment of the younger, who bit and tore his head and the back of his neck, the older gorilla strained and tugged and tugged. The two grunted and heaved, their breath coming in great shuddering, whistling gasps, especially the younger one whom the older one was slowly hugging to death. There was a sickening, crunching sound as the ribs gave way, one rib sticking thru the flesh. There was a gush of blood from the nose and mouth, a bubbling coughing shriek of mortal agony, and the younger gorilla collapsed. After a few convulsive movements, he died.

His rage unappeased, the old gorilla pulled and tore at the neck of his fallen foe, crunched the arm bones between his great teeth, leaped up and down on the body with shrieks of triumphant rage. Suddenly the gorilla stopped his war dance over the corpse and turned towards the female who had been boredly watching the combat. Bloody and bruised as he was, his hair bristled again on his head and he started forward, snarling and shrieking as in the beginning of the combat just terminated.

THIS awoke Professor Penola to the realization of his position; for with his heart pounding nervously against his ribs, his face flushed and burning with excitement, and his teeth grinding together, he had gradually come out from his concealment into the open. He now stood completely revealed, within twenty feet of the old gorilla. With the realization of his exposed position, there also came to Penola a sickening comprehension that standing there in his gorilla camouflage the victor in the fight just over evidently regarded him as a posible rival for the lady's affection. He had been so carried away by the magnificent picture that he had witnessed that he had thought of nothing except the outcome. He had not long to wait before his conclusions had proved correct.

With another of his fear-inspiring snarls, the old gorilla started for him. Professor Penola turned to flee, was caught for an instant by an overhanging vine, and his blood ran cold as he felt the fumbling clutch of the gorilla's paw upon his shoulder. However, before the hold became fastened, he turned quickly, swerved, and getting away a few feet he finally got his revolver out from under his camouflage and fired. The shot went wild. Penola had never qualified as a revolver shot, and besides, he was so thoroly frightened and nervous that he could not have hit an Iowa barn. However, he frightened the female gorilla, for at the sound of the shot she fled precipitously into the jungle.

But the sound of the shot did not stop the old champion. He came steadily on, beating his breast and screaming. Penola risked one more shot and then he fled wildly into the jungle, the gorilla crashing after him. Penola had wounded the gorilla in his already lame thigh, with his last shot, but he did not know it. Otherwise, one hundred yards would have ended his career as a naturalist. The wound increased the lameness in the gorilla's already crippled thigh and blood streamed from the wound. This certainly gave Penola the advantage. He ran blindly, stumbling over logs, running into overhanging limbs and vines, and creeping into the underbrush. The old ape followed doggedly, limping and snarling. For an hour the chase continued.

Penola headed for what appeared to be a wooded cliff which was about a mile away, and which he had seen as he climbed thru the thick dangling trees and vines. Behind him, forging grimly and determinedly on, came the wounded gorilla, and at a safe distance behind him came the female, with her love affairs still unsettled.

After the first flash of fear there came again to Penola as he ran the same curious feeling of exaltation he had experienced when he first donned the gorilla hide and set out to ascertain the cause of the drumming noise. This, indeed, was the life! The life that had haunted him in dreams, and for which he had longed all his days. Life that depended on strength, skill and cunning, rather than upon dollars and cents. A primitive pre-Adamite struggle. Out of his subconscious mind there leaped to aid him in his dire need, the old forgotten cave-man sense of distance and direction, certainty of tread and sureness of foot. He forged on, wondering at his lack of fatigue, at the swiftness of his running, and the sense of doing big things that permeated his being.

The ape was gaining, in spite of all this. Unless he could reach the cliff soon and lose his pursuer among the rocks as Penola planned to do, he must stand and give battle. There came to him above the crashing noise of his own flight, a peculiar coughing, muffled bark. The old gorilla stopped abruptly and looked back. As he did so, the female gorilla fled past them both, crashing wildly ahead into the jungle. The old ape backed against a tree and with heaving chest and panting, whistling breath, waited, peering into the twilight dimness of the great trees for some enemy he evidently knew to be there. Penola paused also to regain his breath. The gorilla, paying no further heed to the man, stooped, picked up a fallen tree branch and waited expectantly. There were only a few minutes of uncertainty. Out of the jungle poured a horde of wild dogs, ravening and barking their peculiar coughing bark. They had been attracted by the smell of blood which the gorilla had left upon his trail and had followed, hoping to finish the death already begun, and reap the reward of well-filled bellies.

When the old gorilla saw the dogs he turned and fled toward the cliff, but they were soon upon him, leaping, snapping and snarling. He beat them back with the limb of the tree and turned and shambled onward, only to be set upon again as the dogs closed in. Penola, not waiting to see more, fled on toward the cliff, himself leaving the noise of combat behind. An unusually loud yelp from a wild dog and a scream of rage from the gorilla caused him to again turn. The gorilla still pushing forward towards the cliff was evidently fighting for his very life. He would lay about him with his club among the yelping, snapping curs; turn, limp forward a few feet taking advantage of the dogs having been pushed back a little, then with a roar of howls and coughing barks they would rush him again, tearing at his legs, leaping up on his back and snapping at his side. Again the ape would turn, beat them back, and start forward, only to be compelled to repeat the performance. Finally he reached the cliff and stumbled with his back against a ledge of rock. It was evident the old fellow was getting weak and was gamely fighting a losing fight. His breath came in heaving sobs and he struck about him blindly.

Penola turned again to make his way toward the cliff which he was minded to climb out of harm's way. But he was arrested by the thought that came into his mind. Of all the strange thoughts he had harbored that day, this was the wildest and the strangest. Was it sportsman-like to leave the great ape, almost a brother relative to man, to be torn and to perish miserably by mangy curs? He was wounded already, having fought and overcome an angry antagonist of his own species, and then wounded further by a modern man's weapon. He was now without rest, bleeding profusely. Should he be allowed to fall a prey to a wild-dog horde? To lend him aid was risky; Penola knew it.

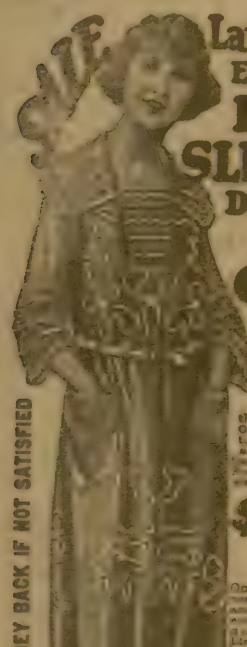
He could not tell why he did it, but without further debate with himself he looked about for a tree branch, found one, and returned at a run to where the old ape fought his battle. Leaping near the ape's side Penola laid about them with a club, and together he and the ape cleared the space about them. Penola set his back against a ledge of rock and felled the wild dogs joyfully. The din of battle rose above the trees and traveled far.

If the old ape noticed the advent of his ally he made no sign, but fought grimly and doggedly as before. Both were sore beset and Penola resented his good thought and cursed himself for a fool. Yet the lust of battle was upon him and with a high heart he fought savagely, and to so good a purpose that the dogs drew back warily giving the two a better chance to breathe and rest for a few minutes.

The old ape—turning—saw Penola for the first time. He furtively snarled his rage, but Penola spoke the peace word of the monkey tongue; either the gorilla understood or thought Penola another gorilla, for he made no sign of rage in return, and as the dogs were upon them again, he turned to do them battle without attempting to attack Penola.

For ages, it seemed to Penola, they fought the snarling, snapping dogs, backed up against the rocky ledge. They fought for their very lives, brain-ing dog after dog with their clubs; the gorilla at times shrieking in his rage, would seize a dog and hurl him, torn apart, among his fellows, and the dogs would turn about, rend and devour their wounded comrade.

THE sun was now risen, its heat bringing a humid, intolerable discomfort, to which was added thirst. The dogs panted with lolling tongues and drooling jaws. The gorilla panted in long gasps. Penola, sewed up in the hot skin, was all but overcome. His tongue cleaved to his dry palate; his breath came in hoarse panting gasps. Penola had lost hope and as near as he could read the old gorilla had also. The great



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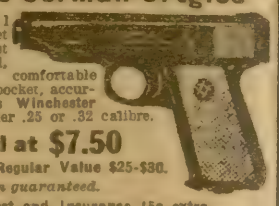

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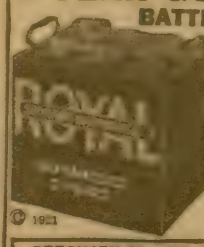

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ape whimpered as he fought, and he seemed to be on the verge of collapse. Relief came to them from an unexpected and unthought of source.

With a groaning, creaking sound a great tree, seemingly sound but evidently rotten at the core, fell with a thundering crash among the fighting, rioting mass of dogs. For an instant this scattered and repulsed them, killing and maiming many. Then undaunted the dogs returned to their attack, but even above the noise of their howling and barking Penola heard a mighty humming sound, and then from the top part of the trunk of the fallen tree there came thousands of wild bees. They fell angrily upon the dogs and in a short time the dogs fled away from the scene, yelping in pain and terror, leaving Penola and the gorilla upon the field. The bees descended upon them also, and they too fled, fighting as best they could, this new enemy, or rather friend who had come to them in the nick of time.

Penola, fleeing along the cliff or ledge of rock, saw a rift in the rock, and without thought dived into it, the old gorilla passing on. In a moment he was safe in the darkness and coolness of a little cave. He heard water dripping, and staggering toward it he fell beside a little pool which had formed from the water dripping from above. And then he knew no more.

As he lay unconscious Penola dreamed a dream. He dreamed that the female gorilla had followed him thru the rocky fissure into the cave; creeping softly up to him she had raised his shoulders gently and dragged him across the cave to the rocky wall; then bracing herself against the wall she had gathered him into her arms, making a soft pillow for his head upon her broad and hairy breast.

So vivid was his dream that Penola awoke. There came to his nostrils an overpowering animal scent. He opened his eyes and his heart stood still. He was looking directly into the sleeping face of the female gorilla. She was half-sitting, half-leaning against the wall of the cave, her head sunk on her breast and her arms affectionaly entwined about him. Penola realizing the danger of his situation, started up in fright, but even in her sleep she held him fast. She became half awake when he moved and she tightened the hold of her long sinewy arms.

A cold sweat broke out over Penola's body. He was a prisoner held fast in the very arms of a sleeping death. With a wildly beating heart and forehead [illegible] with the sweat of terror, he sought gently to extricate himself, but he only succeeded in half arousing her again. Afraid of the consequences of a complete awakening, Penola lay still, contenting himself with looking up into her sleeping face. The gorilla nodded in her sleep and from her slit-like nostrils came a peaceful, gentle snore.

As Penola looked up into the face of the great beast who held him close to her heart, all sense of fear left him. In the place of fear an exultant thought came into his mind. It was a thought only possible to naturalist or scientist, or to a woman brooding over her new-born babe. It was the pure unselfish thought of triumphant creation; the thrill of it well worth the lifetime of toilsome effort.

Had ever man been so placed before! He was the pioneer in the land of Primates; his knowledge opening at last the door between the ape and man. At home in his college he had been laughingly tolerated, no doubt referred to as a "nut," by the irreverent young students. He had sensed it all, his colleagues, good-natured, luke-warmness, the hilarious tolerance of the students, and his wife's openly-expressed scorn. As he looked back upon it all he realized that it had hurt and cowed him more than he had been conscious of at the time.

But, by the Lord, he had won thru at last! Here he was in Africa in the heart of Gorilla Land, with a vocabulary of eighteen ape and monkey words understanding and understood by them. Yesterday during his fight with the dogs, when the old gorilla had turned upon him, he spoke the peace word, and with his snarl gone the old ape had wheeled about and renewed his fight upon the dogs. Side by side they had fought together a gloriously great fight, and with the bees as allies they had won. Every bone in his body, every muscle, ached from that exertion. He smiled as he thought that a true account of his adventures in the last forty-eight hours would not be believed by any civilized mind.

And now the female gorilla; why was she here? Penola exultantly believed he knew the explanation. After the wild-dog fight and the mutual fleeing of all participating in it, she had followed where her choice lay. She had seen Penola, the victor, in his fight with the gorilla, and she was but obeying the law of capture and conquest, which Penola knew the apes followed implicitly in their love affairs.

To the victor belongs the spoils. His great gorilla-like head, the gorilla hide which his powerful frame filled in life-like completeness, his shambling gait, all these had combined to deceive her. Therefore, she had meekly followed him, her new Lord, by virtue of conquest, into the cave. Finding her supposed future master somewhat indisposed, she had dragged him to the cave wall, gathered him up in her arms and gone to sleep, as is the ape fashion with their mates.

With his mind freed from its first fear—a fear that had paralyzed thought when he had first awakened—the thing was as logically clear as a chemical equation. On Penola's dirty, sweat-stained face, there was more of triumph and elation than had shown upon it twenty years before, when in the uncertain light of the early morning he had gazed at the sleeping countenance of his New England bride.

If he was right, if he could continue to deceive this female ape, and thru her the other gorillas, his feet would indeed be upon the path. He would know at first hand the habits, the daily life, the inmost secrets of the gorrillas, and he could spy out their dark, dim, mysterious, unexplored land. This was something no man had ever done; that no explorer had ever accomplished. The gorilla was the unknown quantity of natural history, the unsolved problem. If he was right regarding the presence of this young female, who now held him so lovingly in her arms, and if he could cunningly continue the advantage of this camouflage, he would solve the gorilla enigma, and his name would go down in biology as had Halley's in astronomy.

Another generous installment of this remarkably interesting story will appear in the Ledger next week. The Editor guarantees that all who follow Professor Penola, the comical Sam, and the wise old Zulu gorilla hunter to the end of the story will be more than well repaid. Some of the scenes to follow are among the strangest and most thrilling ever described by a writer. Don't miss the next big installment.

* * *

More Movie Stuff.

PRETTY Gloria Ashburn felt cold and uncomfortable and frightened as she hid behind the boxes and bales in the freight compartment of the powerful airplane and felt the machine go up and up into the night sky.

Would she be able to rescue Hugh Montgomery, her sweetheart, from the death which had been planned for him by the three desperate men who were operating the airplane? Or would she, too, be thrown overboard?

If only there had been time, after her discovery of the plot against Hugh, to inform the police or stop the scheduled sailing of the ship! But there had been only seconds to spare and she had done the one thing which it seemed possible at the moment. She had stowed herself away in the freight compartment of the airship with no weapon save a long clasp knife.

So with this thought in mind Gloria crept over the boxes and freight of one kind and another toward the door of the freight compartment.

The room into which Gloria looked was small and brilliantly lighted. Apparently there was no one in the room. She had feared that Red Jennings, the evil captain of the ship, would be there.

Gloria now pushed the door wide open. Then she gasped. Her heart stood still. There was Red Jennings, grinning.

"I've been expecting you," he chortled.

A horrible fear swept over Gloria.

"A most unfortunate thing happened a few minutes ago," said Jennings, evilly. "Mr. Montgomery was helping us repair one of the wings when he—slipped. He — is — no — longer — on — board."

Gloria dropped to the floor. They had already put their plot into effect.

But as Gloria sank to the floor she heard a man's voice, hoarse and muffled.

"It's a lie," came the voice to her, apparently from the wall near which she had fallen. It was Hugh's voice.

"Now I've got you where I want you!" Red cried. "This is better luck than I ever looked for."

Red leaned down and caught Gloria under the arms and raised her to her feet. He caught her to him and pressed his hot face toward hers.

Nearer and nearer came Red's red face. Gloria fought, but her strength was not sufficient. In a moment his lips would be on hers.

Came a sudden, unexpected interruption. Gloria heard the door bang open. Red's grip slackened. A youthful-looking overalled man was standing in the doorway grinning.

"Sorry, cap'n," said this young man, "but we've got to know whether to go higher or not."

"Get out of here!" cried Red.

Gloria had slipped from Red's hands. She tried to race back into the freight department. Red caught her.

Gloria managed to draw the clasp-knife from her dress and to open it. She tried to stab Red. The result was a scratch.

"You ——!" roared Red. "I'll make you pay for that. I'll throw you over with your lover. I'll——"

In a moment Montgomery was brought into the room. He was wan and helpless. She longed to comfort him. She ought to speak to him, but Red ruthlessly clapped his hand over her mouth.

Gloria and Hugh were lashed together with strong ropes. They struggled, but in vain. Then they were shoved to the side, and overboard.

Over the side of the ship they went into the black night.

Down, down they dropped, while the airplane disappeared. Then came a hard jerk. Their flight downward had stopped. They were dropping more slowly.

"Don't you understand?" cried Hugh in her ear. "Red Jennings pulled a boner. There was a parachute at the other end of the line he tied us with."

A wave of gladness swept over Gloria. "We'll live and not die," she cried, "together."

* * *

Fashions of the Day.

PLAID scarfs are made of knitted silk, the different colors knitted into the bright plaid design. These are for sports wear.

Ermine tails are used on a frock of silver, which has a silver bead girdle. The tails are used as a sort of fringe at the end of the long ends of the silver head fabric, woven, of course, on a hand loom.

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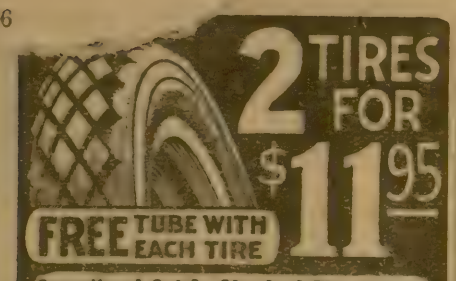

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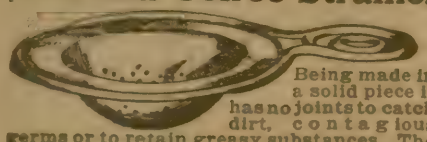

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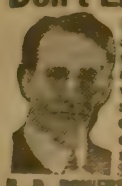

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W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The Young Man From the City

(Continued From Page 5)

session. And the name of this fourth individual, the dying man declared, was no other than Alonzo Carraway.

IV.

"NOW, Mr. Hornby, in naming Alonzo Carraway, he had uttered one of the biggest names in the annals of crime—the name of a veritable leader in the underworld. But this Alonzo Carraway, too, had died about a year before, just as he was waiting trial on a long string of indictments. Thus, the mystery of who got the gold was solved at last, but, Alonzo Carraway being dead, the chase was absolutely finished.

"Now, as to Eddie De Foe. He was still in the penitentiary at the time of his brother's death. As I was informed by the wardens on different occasions on which I visited the penitentiary and presented my card, he had not been a model prisoner by any means. He had gone into Joliet on July 8, 1901, he was to receive his discharge papers July 8, 1921.

"Now if any one had possessed the interest in the Bartondale express robbery case that I did, they might have arrived at the same conclusions that I arrived at. For many years a certain person and myself had discussed this matter. And the hypotheses we put forth then were in no way rendered untenable by the confession of Charlie De Foe, made twelve years later. But here is the very reasoning itself, modified to fit with the later developments of the case.

"After Maginnis had left the penitentiary—in a wooden box—only Charle and Eddie De Foe remained. Now, suppose that these three roadagents had not passed the chest of gold into the hands of a fourth party, disguised as a sewing machine salesman, in the manner which they had outlined in the office of the prosecuting attorney a few days after they were captured. Suppose, instead, that they had realized the futility of trying to get the thing into Chicago and had secreted it somewhere along La Peer road so that they might make their flight unhampered. Suppose that they intended to go back after it in perhaps two or three months. Suppose, too, that they had their story well rehearsed in case their plans should go wrong. But Charlie De Foe, when he died, made a new confession in which he stated that they had turned the chest over to a party named Alonzo Carraway. But, Mr. Hornby, he named a man who had already died. Might that not be a ruse for making the police believe that the chest was irretrievably gone? Was it not possible that he had read of the death of Alonzo Carraway in one of the many newspapers that were mailed to prisoners by their relatives, and loaned back and forth to one another? Could he not, knowing that his days were drawing swiftly to a close, have taken one last step toward aiding his brother Eddie? Such intense brotherly affection is not unknown among normal individuals. Should it then be lacking among criminals?

"These were the questions that had struck me time and again with such force that I have known nights on which sleep became impossible. Even if I had been actuated by those conclusions alone, I could scarcely have refrained from making preparations to watch Eddie De Foe on his release from prison. And that was precisely what I did.

"On July 8 I was among the big crowd which stood around the gates of the Joliet penitentiary when the prisoners whose sentences had expired on that day were liberated. It was not difficult for me to recognize Eddie De Foe, since he had been pointed out to me more than once by a genial warden. I boarded the same train as he did, thus following him into Chicago. Upon reaching the city, the first place he repaired to was the Reaper Block, a building that contains the offices of hundreds of lawyers. After a full hour he emerged with another man; the two then made their way at once to the Illinois Trust & Savings Bank on La Salle street. They remained inside for about twenty minutes. I realized immediately that he must have had money on deposit there—some of his ill gotten gains, no doubt—at the same time he was sentenced, and was now arranging either for the withdrawal of the whole amount, or the recording of it under some other name. I can imagine, too, that in those long years, his money, by the slow accumulation of interest, must have nearly doubled in value.

"At the door of the bank, he and the attorney parted. Eddie De Foe then mounted a street car and made his way over to the north side. He entered a dingy looking house at 1142 Wells street. From the fact that a sign in the window, reading, 'Room and Board,' was removed a few minutes later, and that he did not immediately emerge from the house, I knew that he must have engaged a room and arranged for his meals. Without any delay, I, too, rented a small, front hall bedroom in a house almost across the street from the one that Eddie De Foe had entered; here, from behind the torn yellow lace curtains, I was able to watch No. 1142 with the greatest of ease.

"In the days that followed, I sometimes felt that I was wasting my time and money; that the confession that Charlie De Foe had made must have been a true one. But I had gone so far with things that I decided to see the affair thru. Well, for about five days, Eddie De Foe scarcely stirred from the house where he lived. Late in the afternoons, he made a practice of taking a walk; on these occasions, however, I made no attempt at following him. But in the meantime I had made complete preparations for any unexpected—and early—move on his part.

"In the place where I was staying, was a clean-cut young fellow who had been out of work for a considerable length of time and who was very blue and depressed as a result. I took him partly into my confidence and informed him that on a little professional investigation work I had been following a man who lived across the street. At once he became very much interested, so interested, in fact, that he asked if he could see my trunkful of disguises. I laughingly told him that for a while he was to constitute one of my disguises, and that he would be well paid for it. He agreed instantly to the plan I laid out for him. I instructed him to be dressed every morning by five o'clock, holding himself in readiness for a trip. I described to him the man whom he was to follow as soon as I should see that the time was ripe, I gave him enough money for expenses so that there would be no hitch at the proper time.

"And finally, one morning at seven o'clock, the honorable Eddie De Foe came strolling down the steps of No. 1142. Within five seconds I had run down the hall, swung open the door of the room occupied by my new assistant, and given him the three words: 'Quick! Walking south.' Like a flash almost, he was out of the house, following De Foe about a block behind. All this, overdrawn as it sounds, was absolutely necessary, for any further shadowing on my part was likely to prove dangerous to my plan since Eddie De Foe might recognize me and take alarm.

"Well, I passed a good many restless hours before my assistant returned late that afternoon. It seems that he had followed De Foe to the corner of Division street but had lost him there when he had swung upon a Wells street car that was just leaving the crossing. But the young fellow had boarded the next car and had taken a stand on the front platform where he could watch every individual who dismounted from the car ahead. Before reaching Adams street, however, no one answering the general requirements or Eddie De Foe stepped off. But at the street I have just mentioned, De Foe was waiting on the corner, transfer in hand. He mounted the front platform of an Adams street car. My assistant took the rear platform of the same car. Thus De Foe was shadowed into the Canal street depot. He was at the ticket window when the young fellow whom I had employed entered the main door of the depot. Nothing daunted, he, too, stepped to the ticket window and purchased a ticket clear to Burlington, Iowa, knowing that he could leave the train, if necessary, at any town ahead of that city. As it happened, tho, Mr. E. De Foe left the coach at Bartondale, Illinois. He hired a rig at the town livery stable and drove westward on La Peer Road. A quarter of an hour later, my young friend did the same. When he passed De Foe, the latter was posted in front of a farm which carried a gigantic rock in its front yard. De Foe must have seen all he wanted for he shortly turned his horse and drove back to town. While there, he evidently inquired from the livery stable owner or some one else as to who owned the farm with the huge rock in its front yard, the size of it, and the probable value per acre. In accordance with my instructions, my assistant made no attempt to follow him back to Chicago.

"THIS, then, was the complete story that was brought back to me. I was highly delighted with the work that my casual acquaintance had performed, for I realized that I couldn't have done better myself. I told him to retain the remainder of the money that I had given him for expenses and pressed a twenty-dollar bill upon him in addition. And I resolved mentally to do even better by him if matters turned out as I was hoping.

"Now, judging from De Foe's extreme interest in the farm with the rock—the Hornby farm, in other words—there were more conclusions that could safely be drawn; these were as follows: This farm is on La Peer Road where the train robbers fled twenty years ago with the chest of gold they had stolen. They had declared unanimously that they had passed it into the hands of a fourth man. But why not assume that this pasture land was cut off from the roadway by a heavy fringe of trees or bushes, and that long before dawn they had stopped and buried it here in such a location that they could easily find it again? And what more likely object would they pick out for a landmark than that gigantic rock—or that towering oak tree?

"When I arrived here the next day, I saw exactly what Eddie De Foe must have seen, namely, the huge rock, the oak tree, and the cellarless house built upon brick foundations. But later, Mr. Hornby, after I had succeeded in entering your employ, I discovered two more peculiar facts; first, that the house happened to stand nearly on a direct line which connected the peak of the rock and the trunk of the oak tree; and second, that the center of the house was approximately one hundred man-sized paces from the inner edge of the rock.

"Doubtless, you've already surmised the greater part of the story which follows. I'd only be repeating facts you already know if I should recount the happenings of my stay here. Enough, tho, to add that the morning on which you and Jenny drove into Bartondale, I was crawling around under the house instead of working energetically on my task of bricking up the crumbling portions of the foundation. At a certain point—somewhere underneath the dining-room, I imagine—I came upon the end of an iron rod, a disjointed rifle barrel, in fact, projecting the barest fraction of an inch above the surface of the ground. By digging furiously with the trowel, I got down as far as the corner of an iron-bound chest.

"That chest is the one which belongs to the American Express Company, the one stolen twenty years ago, the very chest, in fact, which my father—working in the capacity of special express messenger during the year 1901—was detailed to guard. The last words that he said to me before he died, were: 'Whether it takes ten days or ten years, Will, follow one or the other of the De Foe brothers when they emerge from Joliet.' And it hasn't taken ten years, by any means."

Denton stopped and commenced gazing abstractedly out of the window. Hornby, seeing that the explanation had come to an end, spoke up.

"All this," he remarked dully, "seems like a sort of a bad dream to me—but as you claim that you've unearthed the corner of the chest, there's no doubt about the reality of it. But have you stopped to think, Denton, that the instant you stepped in between Rowland—or rather De Foe—and myself, you caused me to be ruined? In only a few months now, the farm is to be foreclosed. And that's a bitter, bitter blow to me. Since we're all honest, the chest must go back to its rightful owner, the American Express Company. This being the case, Jenny and I lose everything—including our home."

Denton smiled in a peculiar manner.

"Brace up, Mr. Hornby. None of us are ruined. It's my honest belief that De Foe would in some way have stopped payment on that check if he had been cheated out of his prize. But, assuming that he couldn't have worked a legal trick of that description, would you care to accept money that was gathered together by a man who, in his early days, was a yeggman, a crook of the worst type? Now, for the sake of argument, let us suppose that there was a reward on the chest that's lying under this dining-room floor. Don't you think that the owner of this farm, the man whose house has maintained a solitary vigil over the gold for all these years and prevented its being discovered by some one who would never have notified the express company, should receive half of the reward? At least I think so. And remember, too, that I haven't gone ahead with this project without looking into the financial end of it."

He withdrew a letter from his pocket.

"There," he continued, "read that. That's the letter which Jenny found on the floor of the kitchen the other night. But, in reading it, just say to yourself; 'Half of this will be mine!' Then tell me whether any of us are ruined!"

Andrew Hornby withdrew the letter

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from its envelope. Hastily he got out his glasses. He read:

Chicago, Ill.,
June 30th, 1921.

Mr. William Denton,
12 West Burton Place.
Chicago.

Dear Sir:—

Regarding your query of June 16th about a reward offered for any information leading to the recovery of a valuable shipment stolen from one of our express cars in the year 1901 (in the so-called Bartondale Express Robbery), will say that the offer of $10,000, made at that time, is still in effect, never having been nullified on the books.

Have you information relative to the above? If so, it should be communicated to the General Superintendent at our main office in this city. We beg to remain

Yours very truly,
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY,
Per M.

"So you see, Mr. Hornby," declared Denton as the older man looked up from the letter, "everything has come out right, after all. We divide even—on the reward. You ought to feel far happier than I, because Jenny—the other evening on the porch—got up and left me on account of the fact that she was displeased at something I said. So I guess she doesn't care and——"

"If you'll say it all over again," remarked the girl shyly, "on the porch tonight—perhaps everything will turn out differently. Where I wouldn't listen to John Carr, I think I'd—I'd surely like—to listen to William Denton!"

THE END.

When a Bad Man Comes Back

(Concluded From Page 12)

where they fall," was Lucas' grim rejoinder.

ONE of the newcomers at the Bassett ranch, in the party that arrived as Selby's escape attempt failed, proved to be somewhat out of the ordinary. For one thing, he was more sumptuously tailored than other visitors had been. Selby set him down for an old roue out for a wild time. His particular companion was a brunette, whose really pretty features were almost obscured by excessive use of cosmetics.

The man scorned all the drinks that Bassett's crowd attempted to serve him, but now and then helped himself to a long swallow from a silver flask he carried. The girl was impartial. She drank whatever was set before her.

She wanted to dance, and her escort called for music.

Bassett hesitated only an instant. Then he sent for Jim Ballinger, who had been partially revived by potions prepared for him by Nick Walters. Selby watched for a time with a sick feeling at the pit of his stomach; then he returned to the bunkhouse, where he sat, his head in his hands, hoping for an inspiration. He answered the dinner call, but had no appetite, and ate only a few mouthfuls. He was surprised to find that Darlrye and Slim made no effort to get even for the beating he had given them.

"Two to one isn't enough for them," he soliloquized. "They're waiting until they can get me in the back."

The din of the ranchhouse died down for a time while the crowd was served with supper; then it revived as the darkness crept from the Rockies to enfold the ranch country and unleash the restraint of the lawless.

Selby wanted the darkness, too. When the dusk had thickened until the grove of trees became only a cottony blur against the pitch darkness, he stole out, circled the bunkhouse, and went toward a corner of the fence abutting the highway.

"I'll go after the sheriff—somebody—anybody," he told himself.

The fence wires were firmly in place at the spot he had chosen, so he grasped a pole, put his left foot on the lower strand and vaulted over. He congratulated himself that he had alighted noiselessly when two forms sprang from the darkness and rushed upon him. Selby had no time for defense. He went down in a heap before the onslaught.

"We thought you'd try to run," he heard, in a voice he recognized as Slim's.

Something struck him on the back of the head and with a little gasp Selby sank into unconsciousness.

The moon had risen when he regained his senses. The pale light revealed to him his whereabouts. He recognized a room on the second floor of the ranchhouse. But the noise that came from below would have advised him of his location even without the moon's help.

Selby closed his eyes again at the pain all this clatter caused in his head. He listened for the sound of the piano and thought of Jim.

Had Jim collapsed, for good—this time?

Then there arose the opening notes of a popular dance. The tones were blurred, as if the player were laboring to lift lingering fingers.

"He's holding out yet," Selby whispered, "but it can't last long."

The door was locked, as he had expected. On tiptoe, he approached the window. Stealthily, he tried the sash, but it was nailed down. He might take a chance at breaking the pane, but then the noise probably would bring the thugs on him again. He peered out at the front of the house.

A form moved, pantherlike, in the shadows close to the home.

Selby dodged back. He mustn't be seen. But in a moment he looked forth again, guardedly. There were two forms now at the corner of the house. Then one vanished. The other crept along, kneeling; it straightened with a suddenness that startled the watcher. Something hurtled toward the large front window. Almost simultaneously the hurler leaped forward himself and Selby saw the flash of revolver barrels in the light of the moon.

The watching youth did not pause. He grabbed a chair and sent it against the windowpane. Scrambling out on a ledge, he dropped, but while he was yet in the air there came to him the menacing cry:

"H'ist your hands, you ornery gents! Him that hankers for cemeteries make the first false move!"

Selby staggered to his feet in time to observe a strange sight

"Lucas!"

He recognized the man with a surprise that almost caused him to speak the name aloud.

Facing the crowd of revelers was the little man Selby had thought so docile that it was a waste of time to appeal to him. In each hand Lucas held a plump revolver, and Selby noticed that the barrels were steady as rocks.

"You pizen galoot!" Lucas thundered, when Darlrye was slow to obey his command.

The nose of one revolver pointed directly at the thug. Bassett by this time had taken in the fact that one man—shrunken and old—was holding at bay four of Chicago's most notorious crooks, together with a miscellaneous crowd of guests.

"Get busy, you yellow fools," croaked Bassett. "Get him. He's just an old buzz-saw!"

Walters, who was near a table, ducked quickly. A bullet clipped him in the shoulder. Darlrye moved and another shot ripped away his necktie.

"You fellows just as well knuckle," came in even tones from the old roue. "I know this man. Every old-timer does. He's 'Little Lightning' Lucas. Say, this is like old days. Folks, the bad man has come back. Lucas used to be a holy terror, particularly when a pal of his was in trouble."

Bassett's knees trembled as he asked:

"Well, who's his friend this time? What have we done to him? Or is it just a stickup?"

"I'll tell you," said Lucas. "My friend's that feller who just collapsed at the pianner there and he's got another pal. I wonder where he is.

"That's right, Miguel," he added to the Mexican who had entered the room with a length of rope. "Tie 'em up pretty."

"Don't turn, Mr. Lucas, but I'm the other fellow," Selby announced, as he stepped into the room thru the broken window.

Lucas chuckled.

"I reckon you thought I was just a helpless old critter," he said, "but my daughter says you're some tough customer yourself. She wants to thank you better soon as we ride this crowd out of the county. When I tell my friend, the sheriff, that'll be easy fixed."

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From Out the Centuries

(Continued From Page 6)

dynamos in the basement at Booksedge broke down temporarily, and so were unable to send the current along the insulated wires buried in the sand to the cave?

Was the woman's sleep only a hypnotic trance? And did the spell break only because of the combination of two adept minds, acting with all their strength to that effect?

Was it fear—the heritage of centuries of superstition—and a rush of foul vapors from some recess of the cave that brought illusion to the minds of all—a general hullucination.

Or did wandering spirits of evil yogis—of Hindu impostors, who had learned occult secrets and yet had not made themselves worthy of Nirvana—really manifest their power?

That night did the company in the cave stand upon the borders of the Unknown?

I cannot answer.

Lives there any one who can?

X.

YOURNEE, DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN.

DR. WALVERAIN'S men it was who found her on the beach, huddled against a great bowlder and weeping, for her rage had passed and reaction was on her. Perhaps with the coming of daybreak into the world—to her a new world—some sense of her terrible loneliness had come upon her.

And lonely indeed she might well be; for she was many centuries removed from her own age and time.

Her time was the darkest of the dark ages. Then unprogressing Europe lay sluggish in ignorance, filth and squalor; her common folk in the depths of wretchedness and oppression, her upper classes cruel and ravening brutes. In all of darkened Europe's constellation but one stare shone in the midnight skies—Scandinavia.

It was in Scandinavia, off the shores of Nordford, Norway, Yournee, daughter of Seigurd the Doughty and Friesia the Bountiful (she claimed to be descended from the Yotun goddess Night, who married Delling, the Dawn, and therefore, she, Yournee styled herself the Daughter of the Dawn), was born.

And for years as she grew to womanhood, Yournee had seen her tall and strong brothers go a-viking. With wistful longing she had watched fleets of beautiful dragon-ships dip into the surge and sweep in stately majesty out to sea and then drop slowly out of sight beyond the earth's curve; and then she had gone home to her dreary life and her winter of discontent.

But her time was a time of revolt among the Norsewomen—a revolt paralelled only by the much greater suffrage revolt of our day. The women, who in their discontent had chanted, "Myklagard and the land of Spain lie far away o'er the lee!" were now battling with their husbands, fathers and brothers to give them places in the ships that they, too, might see "Myklagard and the land of Spain," and all the other lands of which Sagas sang. And so before she was eighteen, Yournee had gone out with her sea-king father and her viking brothers.

But she did not go as a colonist, as did so many of the other women. Her place was that of a warrior princess, enduring viking life and viking hardships. On ship or on shore, behind her shield and armored in a steel-plated leather jerkin with a helmet on her head, Yournee had wielded spear and sword beside her brothers, giving and taking blows. And so, if she was as cruel as the men of the dragon-ships and as careless of suffering, it was not her fault—it was the way of her life and the only way she knew.

So she had had two years of cruising and scourging. And then, returning with her father's roving fleet, Yournee fell ill with a curious illness, beyond the power of the simple surgery of her time to treat or even to diagnose. During an unimportant combat, a chance blow on the head—scarcely noticed at the time—had brought about strange effects. She fell into a sleep from which there seemed no possibility of waking her; and as the viking ships entered the English Channel, Halfane the Wise, called from another ship, pronounced her dead.

So in a cavern on the lonely English coast they had buried her in the state of her deserving. Not as they would have buried a great sea-king with stately ceremony, the slaughter of his slave-women, the burning of his favorite long-ship, but with ceremony and with grief just the same.

And so, sealed in her cement tomb they had left her, even hiding the entrance to the cave that she might not be disturbed. Wars raged over the island. Her people came at last as its final conquerors, but she slept on unheeding—slept on into our own age and was awakened by Mystery.

Would Walverain's attempt have succeeded? Who can tell? Perhaps he was glad he did not have the opportunity to go on.

Yournee told her story as she settled down at Rooksedge under the chaperonage of old Mother Triggs, with Liza as her close companion and Jimsie her willing slave. But she told it to her tutor, Julian Case, in a hybrid language the two had invented, and which she spoke with a pretty, halting lisp. So she came into civilization.

FORTH from Hung Man's Cave went Constable Dulip that night filled with a great purpose. And so loudly did he preach, and so easily roused were the smouldering passions, fears and superstitions of the yokels thereabout, it is not unlikely, had our savant been some poor and friendless quack, he would have roasted over a slow fire.

But in Yewboro there was a power (or two) greater even than our constable—the Justices. And one of these magistrates, perhaps more liberal than most of the Justice Shallows of romance, called the pompous constable into his presence one day and warned him that the continuity of his office depended on his making a fool of himself no longer. Thus admonished, Constable Dulip subsided from open activities.

Openly only. It became his high and holy purpose to unearth the dark sorceries and witcheries which infested Rooksedge and threatened the health and prosperity of the countryside. So one cold, windy night, in March, he went across the waste lands for that purpose.

"Hi'll show 'em!" said Constable Dulip grimly.

Yournee, still a savage, was a light sleeper. And always a believer in preparedness, she slept on her arms. These arms—a light bow and quiver of arrows, a short javelin and a short sword, she had commandeered from Walverain's museum of antiquities, where indeed she found some things familiar to her. The sword, she claimed, she had seen in process of manufacture in a shop near her father's hall. But this is by the way.

Yournee had seen creeping men about her father's stockaded home in her time; to her there was a terrible significance to such midnight maraudings; so when she observed the irrespressible Dulip snooping about she silently slipped out on a stalking expedition of her own.

An arrow past his ears apprised the constable of her presence. Another slightly nipped his neck; and realizing that discretion is the better part of valor the man fled toward the tree-lined avenue which led from the grounds. Speedier, she headed him off and drove him back into the thicket.

"Hif hever Hi goes a-'untin' a wild woman agin Hi'll know it!" thought Constable Dulip, crouching for very life and perspiring.

He had a revolver, but understood well enough he had no right in law to shoot the warrior girl. This in part deterred him; also the knowledge that just at that moment his shooting hand was so wobbly he was pretty sure to miss her was another deterring factor. But Yournee's intentions were serious. Even sinister. He realized that she accepted the affair as something all in the day's work.

So for a couple of hours, more or less, the constable crouched and crept; and Yournee stalked. But there is an end to all things and the end came when, desperate, he made a wild dash for life.

He gained the avenue. But Yournee almost cut him off again. Almost, not quite. Seeing his escape certain, she cast her javelin as he whipped past a great oak, but unpractised these days (as you and I, reader, would be if we had practised spear-throwing when eighteen and then hadn't done any of it during some ten centuries), she missed the man and pinned the tail of his heavy overcoat to the tree.

Thus transfixed, Constable Dulip began clawing for freedom, for two of the upper buttons of his coat were fastened and they held—too well for once in all the history of coats. In his somewhat agitated state it never occurred to him to relax his tension and unbutton the coat—the dreadful savage was at hand, her sword gleaming in the moonlight, so he didn't have much time for collected reflection.

An impelling fear was on Constable Dulip, and under its impetus he made a despairing effort. The buttons burst; he fled.

Yournee, swift of foot, could have overtaken him, altho had she done so it would have been thru no lack of zeal on the part of the escapee; but the coat was a trophy, rightful loot, so she stopped to secure it. And so Julian Case, aroused by the noise of conflict, found her and pursuaded her to desist from her intended pursuit, assuring her with difficulty that Rooksedge was not menaced and that no hostile force was at hand.

But she kept and wore the overcoat as spoils of war.

* * * * * * *

"O' course," said Constable Dulip to his wife when, the next morning, he had to explain the missing coat, "Hi could a-took them we'pins away from 'er an a-brought 'er into jail, too, if Hi'd a-wanted to a-mis'andled the pore creature. But when Hi made 'er hunderstand who Hi was, she wep' an' begged so Hi 'adn't the 'art to be stern, a-cos, as are well known, Hi'm hallus too soft where the wimmen is concerned. An' so it seemed like Hi—Hi 'ad to let 'er 'ave the coat for a keepsake to quiet 'er 'istorics, pore, wild, 'elpless creature, wot ain't got nobody to take care on 'er.

"But now that Hi've done my juty an' a 'ole lot more, when they calls on me agin Hi won't go, no matter wot's a-'appenin' hout there. Hi'll resign of my hoffice, Hi will, heven if all Yewboro turns hanarchists the vurry nex' day," finished Constable Dulip with gloomy vindictiveness.

ALTHO the Garuda stone was in his possession, and altho he knew that its possession meant to him the restoration of his lost prestige in India, and possibly immeasurably more, Hajji Dass lingered in the neighborhood. Why did he?

After all, what is that element which destroys great men in the hour of their destinies?

If Sir William Howe, instead of vacillating and hesitating had pushed determinedly up the Hudson he might have saved Burgoyne at Saratoga; New York (then a province) might have fallen and with it the hopes of our Revolution.

If Napoleon had gone into quarters in Poland instead of pushing on to Moscow in the face of the Russian winter, his grand army might have crushed Russia the next summer; and so opened the road to India to the downfall of England.

If Kaiser Wilhelm and his crew of military experts had been ready before Liege with their great seige guns, on August 4th, 1914, they might (nay, probably would) have been before Paris with the greatest army the world has yet seen, before the month of September was half over. Then France might not

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Goitre

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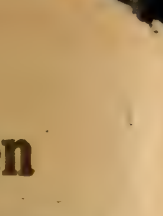

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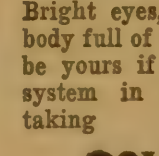

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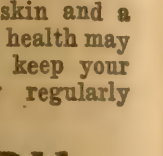

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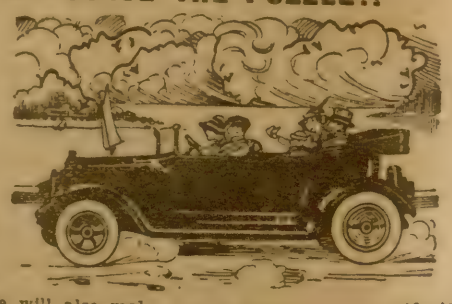

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have stood against the Huns as she did; and the World War might have had a different ending.

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Hajji Dass, holding as he believed the key to the world's power, lingered in the neighborhood. Conceit, insane ambition, desire for the possession of a woman held him.

In his case will the parallels that have just been cited hold?

Now comes the battle royal for possession of the beautiful Princess, with Hajji Dass and his two countrymen on one side and Dr. Walverain, Julian Case and the irrepressible Constable Dulip on the other—for, as we have already seen, the constable will never relent until he has brought his fair antagonist before the magistrates who sit high in powdered wigs and flowing gowns. The fourth installment, in the Ledger next week, will conclude the very entertaining story.

Dad Logan

(Continued From Page 2)

by an old woman. She stared at the ex-convict.

"Ye'll not be Dannie Logan?" she queried.

Dan Logan nodded.

"Is Mike livin' yet?" he asked.

"If thot's Dannie Logan," shouted a voice, "let him in."

The ex-convict followed to a bedroom. Propped up with pillows lay O'Keefe.

"Is Mike livin' yet!" he imitated. "The doc says I'm sick. Hah! I'll live to dance on that spalpeen's grave."

That night the ex-convict jogged on east a bit. Talk with O'Keefe had depressed him. They were a couple of has-beens.

Dad Logan had $100. He loafed until this was about gone. Then he sought employment. But he was old and was constantly reminded of it by those to whom he applied. He got work finally on a nightshift in a shoe factory, his experience in leather in the jail helping him. Nearly all the other operatives were Italians and he took a room with one of these. At noon each day the Italian, who was young and good-looking, would get up, light a cigarette and dress. His favorite habit consisted of white flannel trousers, a blue coat and a thick black string tie.

"Tony," said Logan one day, "I think I'll go along an' see you kill 'em off."

The two went up town—an oddly assorted pair. In front of the favorite movie palace the Italian stopped. For some ten minutes they viewed the afternoon spectacle. Logan began to weary.

"Don't you go inside for the pictures?" he demanded.

"Mebbe. Once-a da while. Non sovente."

Logan thought this over on the job that night. So he, the best "soup" man of his time, had come to this: hanging out with a dago who wore a blue coat, white pants and a black string tie, his idea of being "an Amer-i-can." His decision was accelerated by an unexpected strike at the factory.

Two days later he was in the country hoofing it along twin streaks of rust. Just outside a small village his attention was attracted by a thin line of smoke ascending skyward. He went over the fence and found the bunch, three travelers like himself. They were working over a small fire in the gravel pit.

"Hello, old-timer," called one.

"Hello," said Dad.

He seated himself, and, producing two pieces of bread, an onion and two potatoes from his pockets, tossed the vegetables into the can of mulligan stewing over the fire. No one talked; they were sizing up the newcomer pretty cautiously. After a time conversation was resumed. A bit of blue blotting paper lay on the ground. Logan picked it up and examined it closely. Again conversation ceased. The ex-convict looked up.

"How's it goin'?" he asked.

"How's what going?" demanded the first speaker, whom the others called "Harvard."

"With the soup?"

"All right! See for yourself."

He indicated the pot of mulligan, now giving off fragrant odors.

"You know what I mean," snapped Logan. "You've been boilin' for nitro."

There were two dark spots on the blotter each about the size of a dime. Logan laid the blotter over a bowlder, and with a smaller stone struck one of the spots a sharp blow. Nothing resulted.

"You got it too thin," he announced.

A general laugh followed this experimentation. The tension let down and from behind him one of the men produced a small pot. It was still simmering, having been removed from the fire on the approach of the ex-convict.

Logan peered into it for a moment. The sticks of dynamite were not yet entirely dissolved; the oily substance covered the surface.

"It'll take another hour," he said. "Where's the skimmer?"

They ate the mulligan. Logan took charge of the second pot.

"I've never made it," explained "Harvard." "But I had lots of chemistry in college and I'm not afraid of it."

Dad Logan turned to stare at the young man. The world seemed full of surprises.

"An' you been to collidge?" he said.

"Yep. I took four years and followed it with a post-graduate course on safe-blowing. Only we don't call it that now—I'm speaking in your terms, you see."

"What do you call it?"

"Opening melons."

Logan snorted.

"What you open 'em with?"

"The burner."

"I never saw one."

The young man studied Logan a bit.

Reaching back into his coat which lay in a roll on the ground "Harvard" fumbled a moment.

"Here's what we use now," he explained, laying a highly polished intricate contrivance in Logan's hands. "It's an acetylin burner, or torch. It will go thru anything. They are all numbered and hence are traceable. I paid $500 for this one. It isn't worth that, but you got to pay the price to get free of the 'pedigree.'"

Logan curiously regarded the affair.

"It's out of order now, and I'm not sure I can fix it up very soon," added the owner. "That's why we want some 'soup.' We've got a whale of a prospect and can't wait. Got to tackle it tonight."

"Where is it?"

"A bank in Livonia."

The ex-convict puttered over the fire.

"Livonia is a hundred miles from here," he said. "How you goin' to get there tonight?"

"Easy," returned "Harvard." "We have an automobile parked in the woods."

A half hour later Logan made the blotter test with nitro-glycerine. The thing banged off so hard that his hand was hurt by the stone. He took a liberal portion of the nitro and some of the familiar yellow soap. But he would not join up with the others. They made fun of the old methods, shoe-string and court-plaster advance men laying out the work—these bright boys were doing the thing with card indexes and reports with carbon copies. They'd be using airplanes next! Logan frankly did not feel at home with them.

Alone once more, he caught a freight. At daybreak he made for cover and spent the day in the woods. He was familiar with the country. That night late he started for the nearby village. He figured it a good place to try out a one-man job with the old technique. Without trouble he located the postoffice. Preliminary visits to a couple of barns equipped him with the necessary blankets for muffling purposes.

The safe proved to be small and Logan began his work, feeling all the old-time skill in his fingers. His drill bit the steel. He completed the hole. His soap he had worked to the consistency of putty so that it could be stuck to the safe door immediately below the freshcut hole in a half circle. This receptacle was like an open lip. It held the "soup" and enabled the yeggman to mold the dangerous stuff so that it would seep down into the mechanism of the door without the jar that would explode it prematurely.

But tonight Logan suddenly began to experience trouble with his soap. His fingers were trembling from the unaccustomed work of the drill; they seemed unable to manipulate the soft stuff satisfactorily in the dark. Again and yet again he tried it. Once he started to tip in the nitro and lost his nerve. More time followed with the soap. He swore softly and began to hurry, as he had been in the place an hour and a half. In the old days thirty minutes had sufficed.

At the moment something rattled in the road outside—might be some one passing. It was the last straw for Logan. He made for the rear window where he had gained entrance, scrambled thru and ran.

At 4 a. m. a heavy rain set in. This caught the ex-convict half way to the next town, which was a county seat. It was autumn and he was wet and chilled to the bone by the time he plodded into the main thorofare. With the few pennies remaining in his possession he bought coffee and rolls. That day Logan lurked about the town and fought things out with himself. Over and over his mind worked; he had lost his nerve.

He tackled two or three houses that evening for a hand-out. He was repulsed. The rain continued. He grew savage. Under a giant spreading elm he paused for protection from the pelting rain. The adjacent house was lighted and thru the big window Logan observed a distinguished-looking man. A pedestrian approached. The ex-convict stepped out.

"Who lives in there?" he asked, gruffly.

"Judge Baxter," was the answer.

The passer-by turned in at the next dwelling. He was evidently startled at Logan's appearance, for he looked back.

After midnight Logan skirted the Baxter residence and crawled in the cellar window. Making as little noise as he decently could in the role of an earnest burglar who meant business, he proceeded to the floor above. No doors seemed to be locked. He listened for fifteen minutes. Presently he was rewarded by the sound of a slight cough in the dark. He smiled to himself as he entered the library.

But a voice arrested him.

"Up with your hands!"

Logan obeyed the order with alacrity.

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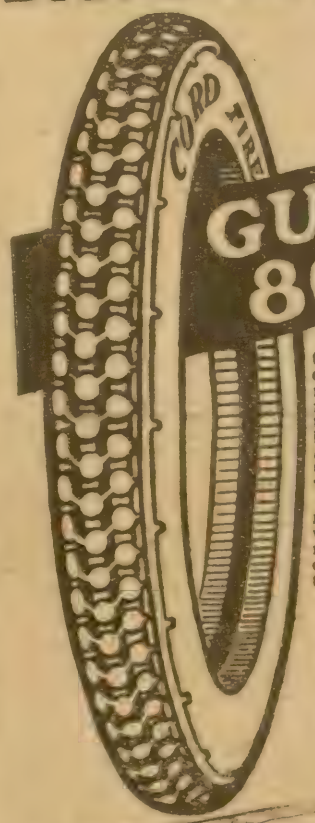

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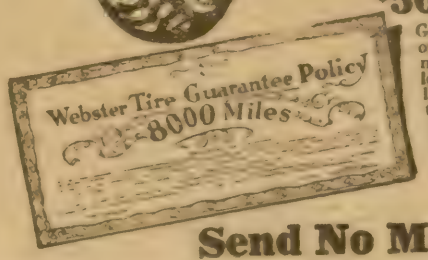

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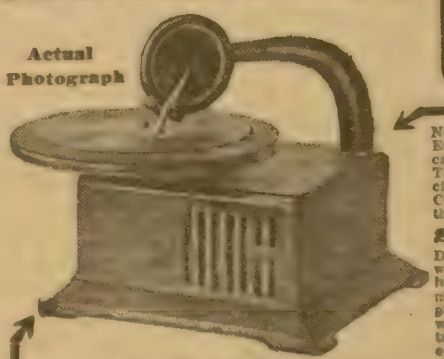

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The lights were snapped on and two men with revolvers confronted him.

"Father and son," thought the ex-convict. "Both lawyers. Dad, you've done a good job."

Dad got quick and certain action on his burglarious entry of His Honor's premises. There happened to have been a series of recent burglaries in the community, and the populace was in arms. From ever source there descended upon the gray head of Dad Logan, whose criminal record was obtained, a perfect stream of condemnation. His immediate punishment was demanded. From a neighboring judicial district a judge was imported because Judge Baxter was disqualified to sit. The visiting justice was an orator. For half an hour, in imposing sentence after Dad Logan had pleaded guilty, he tongue-lashed the defendant, and finished it off by denominating twenty years in the state's prison as the term which the defendant should be confined.

The local papers hurrahed. They referred to it as an example of the finest judicial castigation ever heard in a courtroom.

A week later a sheriff's deputy took Dad Logan in handcuffs up the long stone steps of the State penitentiary. Warden Hardy stood in the doorway. It was exactly four months to the day since he had bade good-by to Dad Logan.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "So you're back."

Logan followed on into the office. He was weary and he sat down unbidden.

"Tell him to take these off," he said, unsmiling.

He held up his shackled hands.

"Sure enough!" said the warden. "Take them off, Mr. Deputy. Your work is done."

The customary papers were signed. The deputy departed. Warden Hardy confronted his old prisoner .

"Didn't think you'd play a return engagement, Dad," he said, soberly.

But Logan was fussing with his feet. They were swollen and hurt him. He looked up.

"Say!" he began. "Is 399 empty?"

The warden called to a clerk to look it up.

"No," he replied in a minute. "There's a San Francisco pickpocket in that cell."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Dad. "Say! Put that bird out, warden. That cell belongs to me."

The warden figured a bit. He talked in a whisper with the clerk. The latter went out.

"All right," said the warden, presently. "Get your outfit and go on up."

Dad Logan picked up his few odds-and-ends of personal belongings, and followed the uniformed attendant. Up, up, up they went. They reached the old familiar "street." Dad went down it, throwing a glance or two at the faces peering out eagerly.

He entered No. 399. The door clicked behind him. He made a few quick passes at his bed—didn't think much of San Francisco housekeeping. He straightened out his meager belongings and sat down. Presently a huge sigh escaped him. He mumbled:

"Home again, thank God!"

The Boomerang.

A DAIRY farmer living in a small town was recently summoned to appear before the local magistrate on a charge of selling butter under weight.

The complainant was the village baker, who felt he was being wronged when he discovered that every pound of the farmer's butter fell below the weight that a pound ought to be.

"Have you a pair of scales?" asked the magistrate of the farmer.

"Yes, your honor."

"And weights?"

"Na, your honor, I have no weights."

"You have no weights! How, then, can you weigh your butter?"

"That is very simple, your honor. Since the baker has bought his butter from me, I buy my bread from him, and his one-pound loaves, serve me as weights to weigh my butter. If the butter does not weigh what it should, it is the baker's fault, and not mine, you see."

The Devil's Pills

(Continued From Page 9)

"He's probably on his way to headquarters."

Hatton nodded.

"Good!" he said. "I'm waiting for him. I'll call you up for another report the minute I see him coming in at the door—in about twenty minutes, I guess."

"I'll be here," promised the voice. "But, oh, Charley, dear. Do be careful. If anything should happen to you now I should die."

Charley laughed.

"Care's my middle name," he said.

"If wasn't that morning in Armenia," retorted the voice. "But I suppose the end was inevitable—then. But here and now——"

"Here and now nothing's going to happen. You'll see."

Twenty minutes later to the dot Heber entered the door and Hatton went to the telephone. When he left it he was smiling. Up to Heber he went.

"Say! Heber!" he said. "I've got a hunch on that Werder case; and I want to consult with you about it."

Heber glared at the reporter.

"The h—ll you do!" he rasped.

"Yes! I do! Oh! I know you don't like me; and I'm free to admit that I don't care for you any too much. Still, I'm grateful to you for one thing."

"What's that?" Heber's tones were decidedly suspicious.

"That is precisely what I want to talk to you about. But it'll take some time. It involves a jewel robbery and a letter that you found on Werder's floor the day he was killed. Come into the pressroom and we can talk it out. The room's almost deserted now."

The detective's eyes had narrowed to pin-points.

"So you know what was in that letter, do you?" he grated. "I might have guessed it. All right! I'll come talk with you. But I want to warn you tnat you're under arrest right now for complicity in Werder's murder and tnat anything you say will be used against you."

"Eh? Oh! Yes!" The reporter gasped, then grinned. "Bravo, Heber," he exclaimed. "I didn't know you had it in you. But come along and let's have this thing out!"

The press-room—sacred to representatives of the press—was not almost but quite deserted, the regular men having all rushed away to a near-by fire. Hatton knew, however, that they would be back very soon, or that substitutes from their respective papers would arrive to cover headquarters during their absence. So he lost no time.

"First, read this," he directed, handing the proof of the One-Armed Sweeny story across the table.

Heber took it hesitantly.

"What paper's this from?" he demanded; "from the Gazette?"

Charley shrugged his shoulders.

"It isn't from any paper yet," he responded. "It'll be from the Gazette tomorrow if——"

He paused significantly. Then——

"Read it," he repeated, sharply.

Heber read it. When he had finished he looked up.

"Well?" he queried.

"Well! We've found Sweeny and got his story. He told us the name of the man who stole the jewels and knocked him down. Sweeny isn't very courageous and he isn't very vindictive. But even a worm will turn if you tread on it."

"It won't if you tread on it hard enough," returned the detective savagely.

"Eh? Well, no! That's true. But this fellow didn't tread on Sweeny hard enough. That's the point. Sweeny revived and told us who he was. Can you guess his name, Heber?"

The detective did not answer directly.

"You said you wanted to consult me?" he insisted.

"I did. I want those jewels. You've got them, Heber, and I believe you've got them here, in the police station. Come across with them."

The detective did not move. Steadily he faced the reporter.

"And you think I'm going to give them up to you?" he questioned, derisively.

"I think so—yes. I've got you dead to rights, Heber."

"Humph! I guess you're forgetting you're under arrest right now for murdering Werder. When I put you in a cell no spite charges that you and a d—n thief like Sweeny can cook up are going to bother me."

Hatton sighed.

"Maybe not," he admitted. "Well, if you want a show-down, you'll have to have it. That story—" he indicated the proof on the table—"that story will go to press at twelve o'clock unless I stop it. Before it goes it'll have your name inserted as the man whom Sweeny saw. Moreover—" the reporter's voice broke in— "it will have your name as that of the man who killed Werder from Conway's window."

"What?"

The detective leaped to his feet and clapped his hand to his pistol. Then he laughed and sat down again.

"Give us a better one," he jeered.

"I don't need to. I know you robbed Werder and killed him to keep him from making trouble. And I know how you killed him. Moreover, the coroner knows too and has known for twenty-four hours. He's been keeping quiet in the hope of finding the murderer. And now I've found him. Conway and the elevator boy in the Electrolier Building will identify you as the postman who brought that letter to Conway. And I've got other proofs, which I'll keep to myself for a while. Now will you come across?"

"Humph. Suppose I blow out your infernal brains, instead."

"It wouldn't save you. The story, corrected, goes to press at twelve sharp unless I stop it——"

"You d—n fool. Get up and go to that telephone and tell the Gazette to kill the whole thing—the whole of it, mind you. Quick, now."

A pistol in Heber's hand gave point to his orders.

But the reporter only smiled.

"No good, Weber," he answered. "I've provided for all that. Any 'phone order from me to kill the story will be the signal for putting it on the street as an extra. Come across, Heber. Come across."

Heber put up his pistol, slowly.

"I'll divide," he said.

"Nix. No division. I want all—all, you understand."

The detective's courage was breaking.

"I suppose you'll kill the story if I come across?" he questioned.

"I can't. Too many people know it. But I can hold it back for twenty-four hours, and I will if you cough up. I'll be glad to give you that much chance to get away. You see, I've got some personal feeling in the matter, Heber. I didn't like Werder—altho I never saw him. If I'd seen—and known—him any time before today I should probably have killed him myself. So I'm not ungrateful to the man who did it for me. That's why I'm willing to give you a chance."

"A h—l of a chance it is," growled the detective. "I'd have a better one if I killed you and cleared out with the jewels. You've got to do better than that."

But Hatton shook his head.

"Can't be done, I tell you," he insisted. "And you'll have a whole lot better chance than you'd have if you killed me. What if you are caught and tried for killing Werder? You mightn't be convicted. You know what our juries are. A clever lawyer might save you by pointing out what a hell-hound Werder was—and all that. But if you murdered the Gazette reporter who ran you down—well, that would be another story, Heber. You can size it up for yourself.

"But—" Hatton's voice grew stern—"you've got to decide at once. I've just enough time to get to the Gazette office and stop that yarn—for twenty-four hours. And I'm not going without the jewels. So come across—quick."

Heber glanced at the clock.

"You win," he said briefly. "I'll get them jewels."

He went out.

Hatton sat still and waited. Not yet was he certain that he had won. The minutes seemed to stretch into years.

Then Heber came back with a packet in his hand. For a moment the stood balancing it and glaring at Hatton.

"D—n you," he grated. "I've got a good mind to take a chance and choke the life out of you even yet."

His clutching fingers quivered with the passion that shook his huge body. Then suddenly he flung the packet on the table.

"Take it," he growled and went out.

Hatton snatched up the packet and followed the detective to the door and out of the building. Once in the street he called.

"Heber!" he said, when the other had faced about. "I've got an automatic covering you from my overcoat pocket—and I have had it there for most of our interview. So don't make any rash moves. I'm going to keep my bargain with you; I'm not going to publish that

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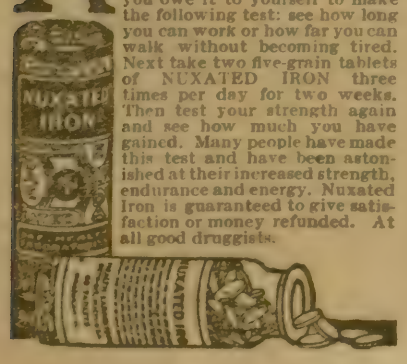

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"I was an untold sufferer from old running sore and ulcers. A friend told me of your wonderful ointment and the first box took away the pain. I am cured. The ulcer was 9 by 6½ inches, is all healed and I can walk. Never, never will I be without Peterson's again.

"You may use this to recommend your ointment, if you wish. I cannot say enough to praise it." Yours truly, Mrs. Albert Southcott, Lyndonville, N. Y. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

story for twenty-four hours. And I'm not going to have you arrested for killing Werder. And I think it very likely that you'll never be punished for killing him.

"I'm grateful to you for taking the job off my hands, and I'm going to do what I can for you on that count. But on another count—Heber! I'm a Secret Service agent, and you're a German spy who killed Werder because the Kaiser ordered you to kill him and not because he was a scoundrel for whom h—l is too good. I've been on your trail for three months. You've lived in this country for fifteen years and you've married in it and grown well-to-do in it. And you've betrayed it.

"You've been sending information to Germany right along. You're not going to be arrested for Werder's murder, but you are going to be interned for the rest of the war. You ought to be shot as a spy, but I don't suppose you will be. We're too mealy-mouthed over here as yet. But you're going to be arrested. My men are all around you. And you haven't any bullets in your pistol; they were all drawn an hour ago.

"Moreover, my men raided your home as soon as you left it tonight. They didn't find the jewels, of course; and when they telephoned me that they hadn't I took a chance on your having them at the station. But they did find something else; they found your pistol and your silencer and some of your devil's pills—those little bombs filled with poison gas that killed Werder half a second after you fired them into his room that morning.

"You covered your tracks well, Heber; and if it hadn't been for Sweeny—but there always is a Sweeny, Heber! There's got to be one. God sends him. That's one thing that you Germans don't seem able to understand. God lets you go just so far; and then he throws something—some Sweeny—across your path and everything ends. Brute force can't rule the world today, Heber! Boys!"

Out of the shadows of the night half a dozen men appeared and closed in. Heber looked at them.

"Kamerad!" he cried. "I surrender."

THE END.

Influencing the Jury Mind.

BARNEY FLOOD, deputy police commissioner of New York, was telling stories on a liner recently coming over from Europe.

D. M. Delmas, the San Francisco attorney, who figured largely in one of the Thaw trials, according to one of Flood's yarns, was trying a case in which a handwriting expert was being examined. It developed that the expert was born in Germany and had come to the United States thirty years ago, landing in New York.

"How long did you live in New York?" asked Mr. Delmas.

"Six years," was the answer.

"Then you moved to Chicago. How long did you reside there?"

"Seven and a half years," said the expert.

"And how long did you live in St. Louis?"

"Three years."

"And you have spent the rest of your residence in America in San Francisco?"

"Yes"

"Now, Mr. Handwriting Expert," said the lawyer, "please tell the jury just why you left St. Louis after three years' residence there."

"I object," shouted the prosecution.

"Objection sustained," ruled the judge.

But the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, and it was stated that it did so because it considered the handwriting expert a discredited witness.

"Just why did the man leave St. Louis," Mr. Delmas was afterward asked.

"I haven't the slightest idea," he replied.

A Double-headed Conspiracy

(Continued From Page 13)

leen didn't change her mind and didn't miss the train or lose her purse."

"She trying to switch out Hardin," Mac said. "There isn't a doubt about it. I've been watching her and he's falling for her signals."

"Say, Mac," I shoved in on him as I do occasionally when he seems to think it's up to him to keep the machinery of the universe oiled and working, "you're general manager of just this railroad but always you seem to think your last name is Atlas and if you haven't the whole world on your shoulders you are not pulling your full tonnage. Now——"

I pulled the air on myself because I heard some one at the door. A second later Billy Barber stepped in. He looked at me and I looked at him and then he

"The Prettiest Woman I Ever Saw, Just Entered the Building," Cried Billy.

grinned and stuck out a fist as big as a Janney knuckle:

"How's the bear hunter?" he asked as he coupled into my hand as if he was going to break every bone in it.

It was bigger game than bear that I was hunting if he had just known it and having sighted the game I didn't hesitate to start creeping up on it.

I HAD to run out to the Sheffield yards to sign some papers on a legalized highway robbery put over on us by a crazy man who had sense enough to know that we had to buy his ten lots of hole in the ground. We were enlarging the yards out there and this boy was in the way and he continued to remain there until we paid him his price. I took Billy with me, not to show him how easy I was, but to see what information about himself I could abstract from him.

The most interesting conversations I know of were those where I did all the talking about myself. Billy wasn't that way. Evidently, in his own estimation, he wasn't much of anybody but just Billy Barber and the less said about him the better. But I stuck with him like a claim agent trying to get a settlement with the owner of the cow that was hit between the water tank and the street crossing by the Transcontinental Limited.

By the time we got back to the city the boy and I were on the best of terms and I felt reasonably certain that he didn't care how long he remained single.

When we got back to town we shoved in at a fish house for luncheon, I caring for very little except more information.

Billy had been to Chi closing up a deal for telegraph poles, and having got his price he proposed to spend a few weeks and some money doing the Far East. That was the important thing. He had time on his hands.

Less important but interesting was the rumor he gathered from the contractor who made the deal for the poles, to the effect that the Brainbridge interests were working on a right of way for a line thru the Frisco Valley.

We drifted around town for an hour or two and showed up at Mac's office about 3:30 p. m. after I had bought about two yards of transportation cut in one-yard lengths, that being enough to bring Laura Thompson and her daughter all the way from Arizona and take them back any time within ninety days. I asked Mac to deliver the transportation to Kate and tell her I wouldn't be in for supper and ask her to save mine for me so I could have a little snack before I went to bed and then I hustled Billy out of the building because I knew it was getting about time for Kate and Pat to show up with the car.

We stepped into the cigar stand off the main entrance to fill our pockets with my favorite La Fume des Cabbage. The young fellow stood at the window watching the street while I was loading the smokes. He was an observing chap and by the time I was ready to pull out he had seen enough to get him all excited and put me on the anxious seat for a minute or two.

"The prettiest woman I ever saw just entered the building," he said with conviction. "She was a thorobred, too."

Involuntarily I looked out the window. Drawn up at the curb was the McKearney family bus, the limousine Kate always used.

"Is that her car out there?" I asked.

"It may be. She got out of it at any rate. There were two other women with her——"

"Two!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. The first one wasn't much except for clothes, but the second one was a dream, a regular Arizona sunset——"

"All red in the face," I suggested.

"She and the third one looked enough alike to be sisters. The youngest of sure was pretty!"

I made a mental note to tell Kate about her looking young enough to be the sister of her own daughter, and as I headed Billy toward the front entrance of the cigar stand—that being the door farther from the general entrance to the office building—I sought assurance that he hadn't picked the wrong one.

Billy's replies to my questions convinced me the first woman from the car had been Buraleen Bishoff and the second, Pat. When a fellow gets one fleeting glimpse of a woman and goes to talking about Arizona sunsets immediately, there are possibilities in the situation.

"I've seen those two women—the ones who look like sisters—several times," I told Billy. "The younger one is a regular parlor car for looks."

As I didn't want to get the string rolling until I was sure it was all coupled together with the air cut-in, I headed in the conversation on another lead and when I had Billy's word for it that he preferred comedy to anything else, we walked by the Lyric and got a couple of pasteboards for the night performance of the musical show and then walked out to the Union Club.

Some time later when we were in a quiet corner of the club cafe with most everything on the list switched out before us, I eased ahead on the real business before the lodge, going mighty slow and ready to jump like an engineer taking a freight hog over a cribbed bridge.

"If it didn't take any hide off your back, Billy," I began, "you'd be willing to help me out of a hole, wouldn't you?"

Billy thought that if helping me out of a hole depended on it, he wouldn't even be careful of his epidermis.

"And if it didn't endanger your neck you'd be willing to do a good woman a favor, wouldn't you?"

"Well, if it happened to be that young one we saw this afternoon," he said laughing, "maybe I'd be willing to risk my neck."

"You're a good runner, Billy," I said, trying to be diplomatic in breaking the news. "She's the woman, all right."

After we got the water sopped up and the waiter had come over and gathered

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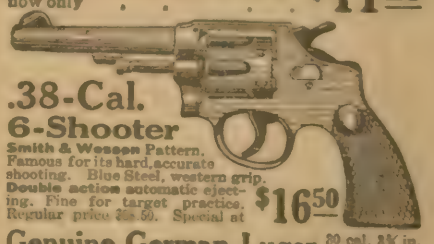

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up the pieces of what was left of Billy's glass I thought it was safe to start in again.

"That's Mac's daughter, Billy," I explained and waited for the information to soak in.

"McKearney's daughter!" he repeated. "It can't be possible!"

"He is a homely old mug, ain't he!" I said. "The girl takes after her mother, as you observed at the time. I hate to bother you about her, and I won't if it bores you, but you can be of service to that girl, and to me, too, tho, of course, I don't count so much."

"Jackson you've got me hog-tied. I'm all ears. I can't conceive of any service I can render her, but I'm interested."

When Billy said he was interested, he told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He was still interested at 10 o'clock, notwithstanding there were four dollars' worth of good theater tickets going to waste on the table in front of him. I couldn't see that his interest had slowed down when I left him at his hotel shortly after 11, after he had promised to let me put out the train orders for a day or two, he to confine his efforts to making the schedule.

There were several features about it Billy wasn't strong for, but when I showed him how he was about to save a household from humiliation, he yielded, and I called a taxi and started home to a midnight lunch of hamhock and cabbage, feeling tolerably well satisfied with my day's work and knowing that the next afternoon Pat was going to meet a mighty interesting fellow when she showed up at the People's Forum, that being the center from which she was working on the democratizing of our democracy.

I REGISTERED in at the McKearney station about 11:45 p. m. and there was more than a lunch of hamhock and cabbage waiting for me. There was Mac and there was Kate. Mac was almost excited and Kate was almost calm. I guess just as long as Mac is around Kate always will be almost calm, whatever happens. Sometimes it has seemed to me that nothing much matters to Kate except Mac. Kate and Mac were in the library. Mac, having the tact of a switchyard goat, broke the news to me gently, like a drunken switch crew picks up a caboose:

"I've lost control of the Continental," he said as I stepped into the room.

"How did you lose it?" I asked as I eased myself into the lap of a big chair.

"Hope you ain't been playing poker."

"It's been stolen from me," Mac said grimly.

"You should not say that, Mac, until you are certain," Kate protested.

"How else could it have happened?" Mac asked.

"Of course I can't tell how it happened until I know what has happened. Let's have the 1178 report," I said.

"That stock certificate came back from the bank this morning and it has disappeared from my desk. Twenty-five shares of voting stock, understand!" Mac said mournfully, so mournfully, in fact, that I couldn't help feeling he was overdoing it just to impress me.

"Stockholders' annual meeting next month and the Brainbridge crowd fighting us like a Mexican fighting fleas!" I said, doing my thinking out loud. "Anything resembling a suspicion swishing about in your mind?"

We, meaning Mac and I, had put up some securities at the bank for a loan to finance improvements at the copper

"You Need Not Smile That Way, Jackson. There's the Dramatic Instinct in Every Human Soul."

mine. Having got our hats over enough regular money to take up the paper, Mac had paid the note and the bank had returned our securities by messenger shortly after Billy Barber and I departed from the office that morning. In the securities was a certificate of twenty-five shares of stock of the Continental Railway Company. That certificate had disappeared from Mac's desk some time between ten in the morning and five-thirty in the afternoon. Our crowd held the control of the Continental by just ten voting shares, and without those shares we were as helpless as a train without an engine. Before Mac could reply to my inquiry about his suspicion Kate broke in:

"Now Mac don't be too quick in jumping to a conclusion!"

"Well, it must have been some one who was in my office and near my desk and she's the only person in whom I have no reasons for confidence," Mac explained.

"She!" I repeated. "Who?"

"That burlap person——" Mac began but Kate interrupted:

"Buraleen was in your office for a few minutes, only. I was right at her side all the time. I can not bring myself to believe she had anything to do with it."

"I believe in giving every one the benefit of the doubt and I'm expressing no opinion until I can think it over," I said, not altogether convinced that Mac wasn't pulling one of his so-called jokes on me. "The fact that I wouldn't want to trust Miss Buraleen any farther than I could roll an engine with a toothpick for a pinch bar does not, necessarily, make her dishonest. As far as I know she comes from a good family. . . . Kate, did you save me some ham and cabbage?"

Mac looked at me as if he thought I was crazy and then threw back his head and laughed.

"You wouldn't care if we lost the whole road as long as there was something to eat," he said.

"That isn't it, Mac," I protested. "It looks as if we might lose the road, and if we do maybe there won't be any eats. Let's get ours while the eating is good!"

We did. Kate went with us to the kitchen to keep us from mussing up the yard and causing a strike when the cook came on the job in the morning and I observed that Mac's being robbed that way didn't hurt his appetite as much as it did mine and it didn't hurt mine at all.

CHAPTER VII.

DESPITE Kate's forecast of a sleepless night for those who loaded up on warmed over hamhock and cabbage just before going to bed, the minute I hit the hay I forgot the trials and tribulations of this mundane sphere. Control of the Continental system, Buraleen, nor the responsibilities incident to my self-appointed guardianship of Pat and Hardin J., disturbed my slumbers. I was pounding my ear in a fashion eloquent of the harmonious relationship between myself and my conscience, when a rough hand rudely yanked me back to this vale of grief.

"How you can sleep with the throttle on that snore working wide open is more than I can understand," Mac was saying as I came to. "Wake up! I want to talk to you."

"I'm entitled to eight hours rest," I protested. "I'm not yet on duty and, besides, you can talk to me just as well or better if I'm asleep."

"It is 8:45," Mac volunteered. "If you don't hurry you'll have to fight the bulldogs for your breakfast. What are we going to do about that stock certificate?"

"Now wait a minute! Just wait a minute!" I exclaimed. "Why the 'we'? Betsy and I didn't kill the bear. You let the certificate get away and you are the general manager; what are you going to do about it?"

"That's what I want to talk over with you. Have you a suggestion?"

"Might advertise in the lost, strayed or stolen department," I suggested.

"And tip it off to Brainbridge that it's all over except picking up the salvage?"

"Well I'm ready to pack my other pair of socks and go west again any old time, and Kate has been urging you to clear out for the open country where you can see across the street. I suggest you don't do anything about it; just let nature take its course."

"You'd better step under the cold shower and see if it won't stimulate your mind," Mac suggested.

"Thanks, Mac." I said as I eased out of bed, "that's the first time you ever admitted the possibility of my having a mind."

Just then the bull pups came tearing up stairs and thru the hall, bolting into the room thru the door which Mac had failed to close. Jerry was ahead and the minute I saw him I flopped back on the bed and covered my bare feet. Jerry is the darndest dog to bite a fellow's bare toes! The last time he caught me with my shoes off I kicked him so hard that I had my big toe in a sling for two days.

When Jerry saw that I had beat him to it, he kept on and landed on the window seat, but Mike, when he saw Mac, stopped dead still, the front of him crouched down until his undershot jaw rested on his forelegs. The caboose end of him was standing upright with that screw tail sticking up in the weather like a marker and trembling as if it had St. Vitus dance. In that awkward position he stood, his eyes, half hidden under his wrinkled brow, fixed on Mac as if picking the particular spot in which to fasten the teeth which stuck out like a picket fence in front of his pug nose.

"You dish-faced, bow-legged, bleary-eyed, grinning bum!" Mac growled at him. "Oh, if I had that face I'd jump in the lake! I've got a notion to kick you thru the window, you worthless beggar!"

Mike just kept his pose and didn't cut down the speed on his wiggle and, I suppose, the two of them would have stood like that all morning, Mac abusing the dog and the dog keeping his heavy eyes on Mac, if I hadn't thought I could slip out of bed and beat it to the bathroom door before Jerry could catch up with me from his place on the window seat. The fact that I was wrong and had to sit down on my feet until I could get Jerry by the collar, isn't material. The point is that Mac and Mike, every time they met, went thru that stunt of theirs. It never got any place; the dog would just stand there as if waiting for a chance to grab Mac by the throat and Mac would just stand there and abuse the dog in a monotone.

It wasn't that way with Jerry. Whenever Mac looked at Jerry he backed away to cover, but every time Mac and Mike met on the main line I held my breath for the smash I felt sure was coming. The fact that the smash never materialized and Mike still held his pose when Mac had run out of abuse, didn't keep me from expecting it.

"You'll pull that stunt once too often on that dog," I admonished Mac after I

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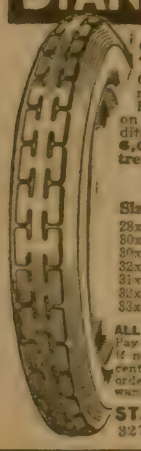

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had the bathroom door between Jerry and me. "He'll fly at you some day."

"He isn't a flying dog," Mac retorted. "He's just a fool hound. The worthless pups! They've been to college, Jackson. They'll go down the street some day and some alley cur will run them to death. Say, you grinning baboon, are you going to stand there all morning and glare at me?"

From which latter question I surmised that Mike still was posing and would continue to pose until something happened to break up the show. When something had to happen in the McKearney household it was generally me. I stuck my head out and ordered both of them—meaning Mike and Jerry—to drag it for the kitchen. Jerry didn't seem cheerful about giving up his toe hunt, but when he saw I meant it he followed Mike out of the room. I went thru my shower leaving Mac to reflect on the troubles of a general manager.

I was half dressed before Mac's mental simmerings began to produce vocal steam:

"It's funny no one about this house knows much about this Buraleen girl. When I pinned Patricia down to it, she couldn't swear that the girl was Dane Bishoff's daughter——"

"Oh, I guess there's no chance that she is any one else," I protested. "Pat's known her a long time."

"A long time? Only the last half of the college year. The girl says her name's Bishoff; she says her father was a banker; she says she lives in Eversdale. No one has checked her up! Tim Campbell was a banker, too—for a roulette wheel."

"What do you think she is, a dip?" I asked, poking a little fun at Mac.

"I'm willing to give her the benefit of the doubt on her character, but I'm going to take the benefit of the doubt on that stock certificate. She was the only person in my office during the afternoon, that is, the only person I could suspect."

"And suspecting her, I suppose you want me to take the two bloodhounds and run her down. Mac, I don't like this 'Liza on the ice scene!"

"You could run over to Eversdale and make a quiet investigation, easy enough."

ALL the time Mac was talking there was a thought trying to get on its feet in my think dome. It is very difficult for me to do three things at the same time especially if one of them is thinking. I had to listen to Mac, dress myself and try to catch the brainthrob's meaning. That may account for my lack of speed. When I finally recognized that thought it was a mental speculation on why the dogs had come to the room.

The dogs were not in the habit of racing up to my room in the morning. Hardin J. fed them and took them out for exercise. About the only time the dogs came to my room was when Hardin J. wasn't to be found any place else.

"Is Hardin J. about the house?" I asked.

"Wasn't down for breakfast when I was in," Mac replied.

"And he wasn't in when we picked up the midnight lunch——"

"And don't you ever insist on me eating at midnight again," Mac broke in. "I got run over by an engine and forty loads, last night."

"If that's the case you'd better be getting medical attention," I suggested. "I'll look up Hardin J. as soon as I get my string of flats and java, and show up at the office directly. Maybe he'll know something interesting about the young woman."

We left it that way and Mac headed out for the office while I sneaked in for breakfast hoping that Kate would be some place near the high switch to get me into the yards without permitting the yardmaster to bawl me out. Leave it to Kate to be standing by with the "19" order ready. She was in the breakfast-room reading the morning paper when I slipped in.

"Morning, Kate! Bargain hunting already?"

"Good morning, Jackson. How did the midnight lunch serve you?"

"Like a dose of chloroform. Why, I slept so sound some one could have cut me off from the pay roll and I wouldn't have felt the pain. Has Hardin J. been down for his bowl of oats?"

"No," Kate said, and I looked at her and she looked at me.

"Did he come in last night?" I asked, knowing in advance what the answer was.

"No," Kate replied. "Do you know where he was or is?"

It was my turn to say no, and I quickly added:

"He may have taken a bunk in a hotel of the Salvation Army. You know, Kate, sometimes a fellow doesn't realize it is as late as it is when he's enjoying himself."

"But always he telephones when he is not coming home," Kate said thoughtfully.

"Don't suppose we've had an elopement in the family?" I asked diplomatically, the diplomacy being put over in the musical murmuring incident to my taking on a couple of sips of hot java.

"Hardin J. really is a sensible boy, Jackson," Kate replied. "Of course he does many foolish things, but in things which really matter his judgment, most always, is good."

"You're talking about judgment and I'm talking about elopements. The two don't go together, as I've observed."

"That's why I'm hopeful," Kate said, and just then Pat came drifting in making plain talk impossible. When Pat was present we had to get on the plan of conversation which is the gentle art of saying nothing but saying it correctly, because if there is one thing that just makes her wild it is to hear some ham say "I don't got," when he should have said "I ain't got."

"Suppose you'll be registering in at the settlement as usual, this afternoon," I said to her.

"Yes, Jackson. This afternoon will be a busy one," she said as seriously as if she was going out to put her official approval of a new terminal property. "We are going to organize the Drama Circle this afternoon and select some simple play for presentation."

That started a train of thought down my mental track that shunted a broad grin out on the main line of my face and left it there without protection until Patricia bumped into it.

"You need not smile that way, Jackson. There is the dramatic instinct in every human soul——"

"Certainly," I hurried to interrupt. "Don't misunderstand me, Pat. There was nothing sardine about that smile ——"

"Sardonic, Jackson. Sardonic!" Pat said with emphasis.

"Of course," I agreed. "Sardine is the female and sardonic is the male. I remember now. I saw a pair of them once in a circus. The sardonic always shows its teeth, while its mate, the sardine, has a vacant, cramped expression in its face."

By that time nobody remembered just where the conversation began or ended and I improved the opportunity to excuse myself and head out for the hall. Once in the hall my grin came back. I never had associated together in my mind, Billy Barber and the drama. I wondered if he'd joined the Drama Circle, and if he did, would he be Uncle Tom or Liza. Pat didn't know it, but if she staged a drama with Billy Barber in it, she was sure to sell one box seat! Maybe it would be a Wild West drama. Billy might not be so bad in that, only, knowing something about cow punchers and horse wranglers, he'd have a hard time dressing up to meet Pat's idea of how a wild Westerner ought to look.

Kate followed me into the hall and I had to shove the smile in the clear.

"Jackson, what should we do about Hardin J.?" she asked. "Or should we do anything?"

"He's 21 and in his right mind and I just wouldn't worry about him," I advised. "He'll be showing up at a telegraph station before long with a delay report that will be entirely logical if not satisfactory. If I hear anything during the day, I'll phone you."

DURING the next three hours I was busy as a one-legged switchman working the field for two engine crews. I went to the office fully expecting to have Mac tell me that he had found the stock certificate just where he had put it for safe keeping, but no such luck.

After both of us had looked for the piece of paper, and each in turn had put Mac's secretary thru a sort of third degree, we were pretty much convinced that it was gone. When I expressed that conviction together with the opinion that since we knew it wasn't there we had nothing to worry about, Mac said I reminded him of the first chauffeur he fired.

"We'd been on the spot a half-hour with that boob under the car when he crawled out and said: 'I tank I know now what ban wrong. It ban stopped and won't go.'"

When Mac gets in a sarcastic humor like that there's nothing to do but give him his head and, since I rather thought well of the plan anyhow, I agreed to go over to Eversdale and make myself believe I was a detective.

Before I could do that I had to make the first payment on a taxicab to get down to the Bellview Hotel for a chat with Billy Barber. If I hadn't made that trip the whole play would have been jammed because Billy was backing up on the schedule as if he was trying to get back to a siding after running by on a superior train's time.

"That isn't quite fair to the girl," he protested when I wanted to know why he'd changed his mind. "It's taking an advantage of her."

You know how it is when you get a hoghead who wants to run down and back in every time you ask him to head in! It means a thirty minute argument and a lot of hard language and, finally, Mr. Hoghead heads in—a thing he knew he'd have to do when he started the argument. Well, Billy and I wasted thirty minutes, me knowing all the time that he would have to head in just like I told him. I made him promise that he'd show up at the People's Forum that afternoon and remain there until he found a way to meet Pat. I suggested how he was to act and what he was to say in the way of opening the conversation and when I told him that if I ever found out he didn't follow the orders I'd go clear to Arizona and shoot his pet bruno, he gave me his word of honor that he'd play the game according to the book of rules while I was gone, which wouldn't be more than forty-eight hours.

I took one minute to abuse Billy for being stubborn when he didn't have a chance to get away with it, paid another installment on the price of a taxicab and some ten minutes later found myself at the union station, without my card pass, which was home in my other suit of clothes.

Admitting to myself that it served me right for having two suits of clothes, I bought a ticket, thereby contributing to the dividends of a rival line, rushed

MAKES GAS IN ANY STOVE

New Burner Beats City Gas For Cooking and Baking—Burns 94% Air.

A wonderful new burner which works in any stove and beats city gas, coal or wood for cooking and baking, is the proud achievement of the International Heating Co., Dept. 803, 4552 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. This amazingly simple and inexpensive invention makes the hottest kind of a fire controlled by a simple valve. It is perfectly safe and can be installed in twenty minutes. It does away with all dirt, smoke and kitchen drudgery, and is ideal for summer cooking. The manufacturers offer to send this remarkable invention on thirty days' trial to any reader of this paper. They make a special offer to one user in each locality to whom they can refer new customers. They also want agents. Write them today.—Adv.

CURES PILES OR COSTS NOTHING.

Any reader who suffers from the above disease can be quickly cured without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of W. R. Darlington, 302 Kuro Building, Kansas City, Mo. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Darlington and he will send you a regular 10 day FREE TRIAL Treatment. If it cures send $2.00. Otherwise you owe nothing.—Adv.

FREE ASTHMA REMEDY

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kan., manufactures a remedy for asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1.25 bottle by mail to any one who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.—Adv.

Cures Goitre or Costs Nothing.

Any reader who suffers from the above disease can be quickly cured at home without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of R. F. Boles, 100 16th St., Sedalia, Mo. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Boles and he will send you full particulars about his 30 day trial offer which costs you nothing if it does not cure.—Adv.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa. —Adv.

SPENT HALF HER TIME IN BED

Farmer's Wife Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her a Well Woman

Carter's Creek, Tenn.—"Three years ago I was almost an invalid. I spent half of my time in bed, being afflicted with a trouble which women of a certain age are apt to have. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I am a well woman now and have been for two years. I can work as well as any one who is younger and as I am a farmer's wife I have plenty to do for I cultivate my own garden, raise many chickens and do my own housework. You may publish this letter as I am ready to do anything to help other women as I have been so well and happy since my troubles are past."—Mrs. E. T. GALLOWAY, Carter's Creek, Tenn.

Most women find plenty to do. If they are upset with some female ailment and troubled with such symptoms as Mrs. Galloway had, the smallest duty seems a mountain.

If you find it hard to keep up, if you are nervous and irritable, without ambition and out of sorts generally, give the Vegetable Compound a fair trial. We believe it will help you greatly, for it has helped others.

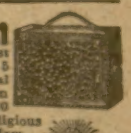
GENUINE!

Cheap imitations of our original and genuine Chinese Good Luck Ring flood the market. Worthless, poorly made imitations of brass and nickel are offered at ridiculously low prices. The person who wishes to be surrounded with the *true superstition of the Orient*, and at the same time possess a ring of *genuine beauty*, will avoid all others and order our *original* and *genuine* Chinese Good Luck Ring. *Al Jolson*, Doris Kenyon, Vivian Martin, as well as others in theatrical, professional and business circles declare that our *original* ring has brought them *great good luck!* Protect yourself against fraud and insure your future good fortune (foretold by the Ancients) by ordering from us this *genuine* ring (Stamped inside with the ☯). **Sterling Silver, $1.50. Solid Gold (10-k) $9.00.** Pay on arrival if you wish. C. O. D. 10 cents extra.

THE ZANZIBAR CO., *Dept. 113*
353 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

All Given

This stylish Wrist Watch guaranteed 5 years or this Big Real Eastman Camera given for selling two lots of 20 beautiful colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order pictures today. This Gem Set Ring with firey brilliancy of costly Diamond also given as special extra prize for promptness.



RAY ART CO., Dept. 17, Chicago, Ill.

A REAL HAMILTON

For selling only 2 lots of our Beautiful Colored Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each. Order 20 pictures at once. They sell on sight. You can easily win this 22 Sure Shot Rifle in no time. Guaranteed. **GAIR MFG. CO., 1926 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 620, CHICAGO**

LADIES!

I positively guarantee my Great Successful Compound. Safely relieves many abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today.

DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED

Free Proof To You

J. C. HUTZELL R. P.
DRUGGIST

All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment. I want you just to **try** this treatment—that's all—**just try it.** That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 20 years. I served four years as a member of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and five years as President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over **twenty thousand** Men Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne, have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

If you have Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, Tetter—never mind how bad—**my treatment has cured the worst cases I ever saw—give me a chance to prove my claim.**

Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want to send you **FREE.** The wonders accomplished in your own case will be **proof.**

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

J. C. HUTZELL, Druggist, No. 4146 West Main St., Fort Wayne Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name_____ Age_____

Post Office_____ State_____

Street and No._____

thru the depot to the train sheds, bumped into a gateman who didn't know me and made me dig up my ticket, took his slack about people who waited until the last minute and then tried to catch limited trains on the run, made a dash for track number four and got the tail end of the observation car just after the porter had closed the gate.

But I never missed a train in my life. I believe in making close connections and using every minute of the day for all its worth. I climbed over the brass fence wondering how far the train would travel before it went in the ditch, because, when a day starts out like that, a fellow really ought to double his accident policy if he is going to travel.

A couple of traveling men who had watched me make the flying coupling said a few bright things about me being pretty spry for a man of my age and I improved the opportunity to hand one to our competitors.

"I never saw a train on this pike that could run fast enough to get away from a man on crutches," I remarked.

"They are slow," one of the fellows admitted. "But did you ever ride the local on the Continental between Dunreith and Barrington? That's the real sensation! Talk about glaciers moving six feet every year, the last time I made that trip——"

It occurred to me that there might be something interesting toward the head end of the train and I started to see what it was, if anything.

I ambled thru until I met the conductor and traded my ticket for a hat check. Not caring how far away from that person on the rear end, I got, I went forward to the smoking car, lit a cigar and tried to sooth myself.

But it wasn't to be. About the time when my breath was coming easy again, the news butcher started back from the head end of the coach to sell some of those salted peanuts discovered in the pyramids. Half way back in the car, making him half a car length ahead of me, a young fellow stood up and looked over the basket of samples. I took one good look at the young fellow and sort of folded myself down in the seat.

Of course I was glad to know that Hardin J. was alive and well and enjoying good health and an appetite for peanuts. All that would be solacing to Kate. But before he saw me I had to have something like a reasonable explanation of the whichness of the what, so to speak.

Where was I going? That was the question, or it would be the question as soon as Hardin J. saw me. Where would a person of my disposition and accomplishments be likely to be going? On any other railroad that would be easy, maybe, but on this pike—well I couldn't think of any place a fellow would be going on this pike except crazy and that wouldn't be an acceptable answer for Hardin J.

There was just one way out and, of course, after I concentrated on the problem I got the right answer. Get me concentrated and I'm infallible. Concentrated, my brain is very penetrating; all of it comes to a sharp point, as it were. Having got my brain together in a sharp point, I straightened up, in a careless, nonchalant fashion; it being understood that nonchalant is perfectly respectable because Pat brought it home with her from a lady college.

By the time I had resurrected myself from the seat, Hardin J. had set down to his feast of peanuts. The train rattled on. I formulated a ten word message to Kate and decided to get to the telegraph office at the first stop.

Hardin J. got there first but I was close enough as a second section that I got a squint at the address. He was wiring his mother, thereby enabling me to save my money.

I was in the smoking car when he returned. He couldn't help but see me because I had the lead blocked so he couldn't get by without climbing over me. He bumped into me and begged my pardon until I turned 'round so he could see my face.

"Why, I say Jackson, where are you going?"

There it was! That was the question.

Perhaps in the next installment of the story we will discover just what Hardin J. is up to. Leave it to Jackson to camp close upon his trail and give a good account of what he learns. Interesting developments in next week's Ledger.

If Ruptured Try This Free

Apply it to Any Rupture, Old or Recent, Large or Small and You are on the Road That Has Convinced Thousands.

...t Free to Prove This

...ne ruptured, man, woman or child, sh... write at once to W. S. Rice, 524A M... st., Adams, N. Y., for a free trial of ... wonderful stimulating application. ...ust put it on the rupture and ...e ...uscles begin to tighten; they begin ...ing together so that the opening ...es naturally and the need of a sup... or truss is then done away with. ...neglect to send for this free trial. ... your rupture doesn't bother you ... the use of wearing supports all ...ife? Why suffer this nuisance? ...y run the risk of gangrene and such dangers from a small and innocent little rupture, the kind that has thrown thousands on the operating table? A host of men and women are daily running such risk just because their ruptures do not hurt nor prevent them from getting around. Write at once for this free trial, as it is certainly a wonderful thing and has aided in the cure of ruptures that were as big as a man's two fists. Try and write at once, using the coupon below.

Free For Rupture

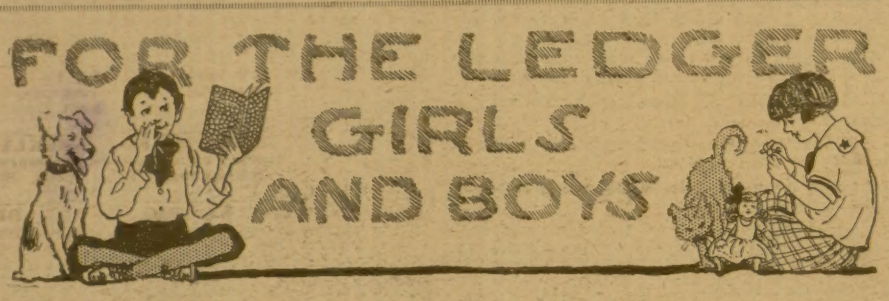
W. S. Rice, Inc.,
524A Main St., Adams, N. Y.

You may send me entirely free a Sample Treatment of your stimulating application for Rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

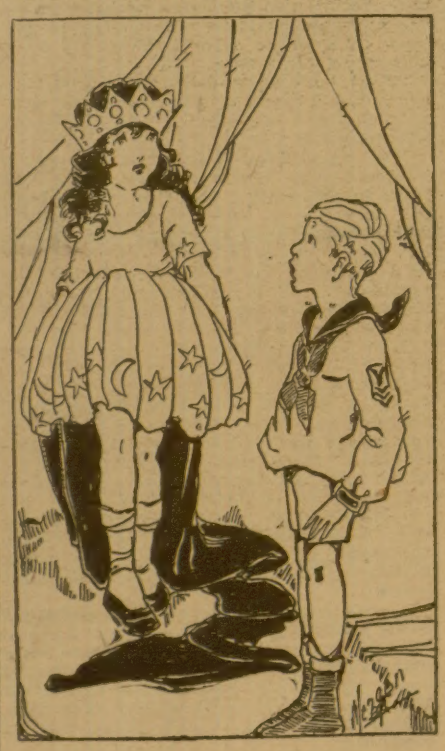
State .....



Princess Zazelle.

DICK whistled merrily as he ran home from school. It was such a lovely day, the sun so bright, the sky so blue, one could not help feeling happy. Besides, there was a very special reason that he should be gay, for had not Mother promised to take him and Marion to the big circus, whose bills—"See Bate's Big Circus," met you at every turn. He might even catch a glimpse of it on his way home past Apsley Common, where the circuses usually camped. Sure enough, even from this distance he could see the large vans standing around, busy figures hurrying, and tents being put up.

Hoping to catch sight of some of the wonders, he crept cautiously thru the gorse bushes, losing his cap on the way, but, dear me, who could bother about the loss of a cap at such an exciting



"I Am the Princess Zazelle."

time! As he neared the back of a large tent, he heard the sound of sobbing, and saw a little girl huddled up on the ground, crying bitterly.

"Why, what's up," he said kindly.

She rose slowly at the sound of his voice, and she certainly was a grand little lady. Her dress was of filmy white, bordered with silver stars and crescents. On her head was a crown, and from her shoulders fell a long, red satin train.

Dick gave a start of surprise as he saw her face. "Why, Marion, what in the world are you doing here?"

She drew herself up with an offended air.

"Who are you calling Marion, boy," she said, "I am the Princess Zazelle, the youngest fortune-teller in the whole world."

"Oh, indeed," said Dick, "I see now you are not Marion, she's my sister you know, but you certainly are exactly like her."

"I am the Princess Zazelle," she repeated proudly.

"All right," laughed Dick, good-humoredly, "but why was the Princess Zazelle crying?"

All her dignity vanished, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Mr. Bates says I must go on the throne in the parade, and throw out the handbills. It is so high up it makes me dizzy, and I'm sure I shall fall, tho Nanny says she will tie me in."

"Who is Nanny, your mother?"

"No, I have no mother," shaking her head sadly. "Nanny has taken care of me ever since they found me one night crying by the side of the road. Nanny had just lost her own little girl, so she took care of me."

"And you don't know who lost you," asked Dick.

"All I had was this," pulling out a black ribbon hidden beneath her dress on the end of which dangled a square brown medal.

"Why, Marion has one like that," cried Dick astonished. "Aunt Geraldine sent it to her when she was a baby. Let me see. Her's has two clasped hands on it, and two French words, that mother says mean 'good luck,' besides the date of Marion's birthday, May 6th."

He took the medal in his hand, and sure enough there were all the marks on it that he had mentioned.

"This certainly is queer," he muttered, "I don't understand it at all."

"Zazelle, Zazelle," came a shrill cry from within the tent. "Where are you? It is time to start."

"That is Nanny," she said, "I must go now."

"I will run home and watch you pass. Look for me in the house with the balcony full of red geraniums, and a red awning."

"Shall I see you again?" she asked wistfully.

"Sure, and mother and Marion too. I want them to see you and that medal of yours. It sure is queer," and Dick ran off shaking his head.

He rushed into the sitting room crying excitedly, "Daddy—Mother, I have just seen a little girl at the circus the image of Marion, and she has a medal just like her's too."

"What's that," cried Daddy, throwing down his paper. Dick repeated his tale while Mother sat listening with wide open eyes. "Oh, Richard," she whispered, "could it be possible after all these years?"

"Patience, dear. We will find out, you may be sure," said Daddy, while Dick and Marion looked from one to the other in surprise.

Just then came the sound of music, and they all rushed out on the balcony to see the circus parade. There was the Princess Zazelle, smiling and waving her hand, as she scattered playbills among the crowd.

Mother gave one look, then crying, "It is, it must be!" fell to the floor fainting.

"Of course," said Daddy, "you were too young to know anything about it, but you had a twin sister, Marion, named Marjorie. One dreadful day, during the war, Mother heard I was wounded and ill at a camp down South. She immediately made arrangements to come to me, planning to leave you twins with Aunt Geraldine, Dick, of course, was too young to leave her. Taking the automobile she started, putting you youngsters in a kiddy-coop in the back of the car. Engine trouble delayed her, and it took the chauffeur some hours to repair the damage, so she was forced to travel all night. Arriving at Aunt Geraldine's, they discovered, to their horror, the car door open, and Marjorie missing. You may imagine Mother's taste, and how they searched for Marjorie. All in vain. As we now know, she was rescued by Nanny, who has cared for her ever since."

"Isn't it wonderful," said Marion softly.

"And that good Nanny is tired of circus life now," put in Mother, "and will come and live with us now, that we may take care of her."

A little hand crept out from where Marjorie was cuddled up on Mother's knee. "Thank you, my dear new Daddy," she said, "I am so happy, and so gla—d Brother Dick came and found me."

Juvenile Scorn.

WILLIE (proudly)—Me an' my brother are twins.

Bobby—Huh! 'Fore I'd have only half a birthday!

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Charade.

261—My first is a small explosion; my second effects a big explosion; my whole is a child's toy.

Additions.

262—Example: Add a letter to wash and have a serf. Answer s-lave.

1. Add a letter to peruse and make a nymph of the mountains.
2. Add a letter to station and make a very eccentric person.
3. Add a letter to country and make a South African antelope.
4. Add a letter to an upper story and make on high.
5. Add a letter to always and make at no time.
6. Add a letter to a wise man and make custom.
7. Add a letter to a gang and make a mechanical power.
8. Add a letter to above and make to hang about.
9. Add a letter to useful little instruments and make discloses.
10. Add a letter to a grain and make an expression of value.

Four-word Square.

263—1. A narrow opening.
2. An instrument on which poets used to play.
3. A purple flower.
4. A trial or proof.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

258—Riddle-me-ree.

Shark.

259—Beheadings.

1. B-read. 2. W-heat. 3. S-hip. 4. S-lot. 5. C-lock.

260—Four-word Square.

C O R K
O V E N
R E N O
K N O W

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Grasshoppers can jump 200 times their own length.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225, Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LAND OPPORTUNITY: 20-40-80 ACRE tracts near hustling city in Michigan. $15 to $35 per acre; only $10 to $50 down and $10 to $20 per month. Investigate. Write today for big illustrated booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., X-1245, First National Bank Building, Chicago.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OFFICIAL 112-page book, "Vacant Government Lands," lists and describes every acre in every county in U. S.; tells location, place to apply, how secured free. 1922 diagrams and tables, new laws, lists, etc., price 50 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co., Dept. 108, St. Paul, Minn.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONtains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATents should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

ALLIGATORS, ALIVE, BABY SIZE, $1 EACH delivered. Jos. Fleischman, 1105 Franklin, Tampa, Fla.

IMPORTED SAFETY RAZOR, USES "GILlette" blades. 50c postpaid. Givens, 450 E. 48th St., Chicago.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

PHOTOPLAY STORIES

IDEAS FOR MOVING PICTURE PLAYS wanted by producers. Big prices paid for accepted material. Submit ideas at once in any form for immediate examination, or write for interesting free photoplay booklet explaining service. Bristol Photoplay Studios, Suite 602-C, Bristol Building, New York.

OLD COINS WANTED

OLD MONEY OF ALL KINDS WANTED. We buy and sell over $100,000 worth a year. We pay cash for thousands of coins and bills. Many valuable coins are in circulation. Get posted. Send 4c for our large illustrated coin circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED: EXCLUsive territory and valuable co-operation given right man. Enthusiasm, grit and ability only capital necessary. Sell land outright, good prospective oil territory $25.00 per acre. Purchasers get warranty deed, own all oil and mineral rights. Wells drilling three sides; good oil showings; production in three adjoining counties. Liberal commission. Complete selling prospectus furnished. Answer immediately. R. E. Dunn, 701 Polk Ave., Houston, Texas.

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUtomobile oils, roofing, stock food to consumers from samples; no capital or experience necessary; steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMAN WANTED TO SOLICIT ORders for paints and oils. Good pay, no experience needed. Write Gill Company, Dept. B, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS. BIGGEST MONEY TAKING ORders for newest style written guaranteed hosiery. Complete line men, women, children's, including silks. No competition. Not sold in stores. Written guarantee with each pair. You display samples and write order. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily in advance. No experience necessary. Spare time satisfactory. Write for samples. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 815, Dayton, Ohio.

ONLY 98 WOMEN WILL READ THIS story of how Mrs. A. D. Harper rose from poverty to riches through her discovery of a miraculous guaranteed household necessity. Mrs. Harper, founder of the well-known Foamo Kleanzit Co., Pontiac Building, Chicago, will now permit 98 needy women to qualify as her district representatives. Write her immediately for her thrilling story and a free sample of Foamo Kleanzit.

AGENTS, HERE IS A NEW ONE. THURSton popular priced fire extinguisher. Every home, garage or car owner needs one. All you do is take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Demand enormous. Over ten thousand ordered by our representatives. Write for territory. Thurston Mfg. Co., 309 Foe St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS, SALESMEN, SOLICITORS. WE want real, live wires. Go getters. Make $25.00-$100.00 weekly selling our big (7) line household necessities. Iron rust and ink eradicator, toilet soap, metal polish, washing tablets, knife sharpeners, corn cure and flavoring extracts. Full particulars free. Gainer Products, Galveston, Texas.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first hour; Hart $160 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

STARTLING AGENTS PROPOSITION—$100 weekly selling Rolly's Washday Wonder, new chemical dirt solvent; harmless; cleans without rubbing. Enormous profits. Repeat orders assured. Experience unnecessary. Territory going fast. Samples free. Rolly Chemical Co., C-1, Hastings, Nebraska.

GENERAL AGENTS, SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

AGENTS — STEADY INCOME ALL YEAR around—no season. A clean, dignified business for ambitious men. Transfer letters and lodge emblems for autos, furniture, carriages, etc. Enormous profits. Write for particulars. Transfer Monogram Co., Inc., Dept. 18, 10 Orchard St., Newark, N. J.

BE OUR PART TIME SHOE AGENT IN your locality. Pleasant work, good earnings. Sell from our catalog to wearer. We send shoe book with your name on front cover direct to your customers. For particulars address Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co., 116 South St., Boston, Mass., Dept. T.

AGENTS—COST $5—YOUR PROFIT $89.50 transferring monograms on autos, trunks, bags, furniture, etc. No experience—no license. Write for free samples. Globe Monogram Co., Inc., Dept. 17, 244 Market St., Newark, N. J.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY TAKING ORDERS suits, pants, blankets, raincoats, direct woolen mill to wearer. Big values. Donahue made $105.00 first week. Pinocci makes $200.00 weekly. Complete outfit free. Taylor, Wells & Co., C 2742 N. Paulina, Chicago.

AGENTS TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today, Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

MAKE $25 TO $50 A WEEK REPRESENTing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 34, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

WE WILL START ANY HONEST MAN OR woman in business with our big line of perfumes, toilet goods, extracts, medicines, etc. No money or experience required. If you're sincere write quick. National Mfg. Co., Dept. P-24, West Hoboken, N. J.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—WIRELESS UMBRELLA. SOMEthing brand new. Costs no more than ordinary kind. Biggest seller ever introduced. Write quick for agency. Parker Mfg. Co., 309 Dike St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

$10 DAILY — WORLDWIN SELLER. Klean-Rite. New washing compound. Women crazy about it. 300% profit. Premiums for customers. Samples free. Write quick. Bestever Products Co., Dept. 74-B, 1941 Irving Park, Chicago.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

EXTRA PROFITS WITHOUT EFFORT. IF you are an active agent, no matter what line, send for our proposition and start the extra dollars drifting your way. Walmar Company, Charleston, West Va.

YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE BIG MONEY REsilvering mirrors, auto reflectors, metaplating. Outfit furnished. Write for particulars. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 309-311 Fifth Ave., New York.

CAPS MADE TO ORDER. LATEST STYLES. The newest agents idea out. Undersell stores. $10.00 daily easy. Armstrong Cap Factory, 210 Superior Ave., Dept. 40, Cleveland, Ohio.

GUARANTEED HOSIERY, LOWEST PRICES. manufacturer's complete line direct to wearer. Samples without charge. We deliver. Part time acceptable. Joseph Bros., 337-Z Broadway, New York.

SELL PAINT DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO consumer; experience unnecessary; exclusive territory; big commissions weekly. Write today. Davis Paint Company, 215 Washington, Kansas City, Missouri.

MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS: PONGEE undergarments that sell. Michigan Boul. Styles. Attractive prices. Big repeat orders. We deliver and collect. Lady Jean Co., Suite 733A, 26 Quincy St., Chicago.

AGENTS—JUST OUT. FLEXIBLE RUBBER buttons. Don't break. Every woman buys. 100% profit. Steady business. Samples free. Clinton Mfg. Co., 418 Jackson, Milwaukee, Wisc.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN — MAKE sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 502 Wooster, O.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

AGENTS SELL WOLVERINE LAUNDRY soap. Big profits. Monthly bonus to workers. Write quick. Wolverine Soap Co., 315 Water St., Portland, Mich.

$50,000 "PROFITS IN PORTRAITS" explains in free circular, 24 hour service prints, portraits, frames. Samples free. Picture Man Friedman, Dept. 1, 127 N. Dearborn, Chicago.

$2.50 PER DAY PAID ONE PERSON IN each town to distribute free circulars for Economy non-alcoholic flavoring. Permanent position. F. E. Barr Co., Dept. B, Chicago.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellane Chemical Company, 620 Main, Richmond, Va.

AGENTS—BIG PROFITS rub Polish" for furniture, woodwork, autos, etc. Cleans and polishes. Fritch's Laboratories, 6431 Magnolia, Chicago.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating and refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

$133 MONTH, COMMENCE. GOVERNMENT railway mail clerks. Men—boys over 17. Steady. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

MALE HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN—RAILway mail clerk "exam" soon. Let our expert (former Government Examiner) prepare you for this and also rural carrier postoffice, customs, internal revenue and other branches. Write today for free booklet. Dept. 644, Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, EXpenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN, BE YOUR OWN BOSS. LEARN TO resilver mirrors. Start in business for yourself. Complete instructions for fifty cents. If you are not satisfied, I will refund your money. Francis Kemp, 709 W. Kickapoo St., Hartford City, Indiana.

EVERY READER OF THE BLADE OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BASEBALL GLOVE FREE. GENUINE leather, very strongly made, given for selling 20 needle books. Hub Novelty Co., East Boston, Mass.

$35 WEEK. LEARN WHILE EARNING. Boys-men. Become automobile experts. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. D 404, Rochester, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. GREAT demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, OVER 17, willing to accept Government positions, $135, write Mr. Osment, 106, St. Louis.

MALE HELP WANTED—(Con't.)

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—everywhere; beginners $150, later $250. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored), $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVEStigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

DETECTIVES MAKE BIG MONEY. BE one. Excellent opportunities. Fascinating work. Particulars free. American School of Criminology, Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.

MEN WANTED TO QUALIFY FOR FIREmen, brakemen, experience unnecessary. Transportation furnished. Write W. Boggess, 102 St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT JOBS. $95 MONTH. WRITE immediately for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 6, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN AGENTS SELL SHOLL'S SANItary specialties and waterproof aprons. Wonderful seller. Liberal commissions. Sholl Rubber Products, Dept. B, 2708 N. Western Ave., Chicago.

WOMEN - GIRLS, BECOME MILLINERY designers. Earn $125 month. Sample lesson free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 804, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN WANTED — BECOME COSTUME designers. $140 month. Learn while earning. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 505, Rochester, N. Y.

SPARE TIME WORK — LADY, EVERY town, $10-$25 extra weekly. Pleasant work. W. J. Lynch, Springfield, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP, MEXIA FIELD, LIMESTONE County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Schimmel & Co., Suite 1940, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME. SEND FOR three months free subscription to "Investors Magazine," containing valuable information of choice money-making opportunities for small investors. Address Dept. 1, Investors Magazine, 327 San Fernando Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

$5.00 INVESTED NOW BUYS INTEREST IN lease and well that may pay you $500.00. Write today for particulars. Texas Union Oil Company, 324 First National Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

RICHEST OIL IN AMERICA. EXPECT start drilling next month. Derrick up, outfit being set up. Even $10 may bring thousands within few weeks. Circular free. King Oil Co., New York Block, Seattle, Wash.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

$5 MONTHLY FOR TEN MONTHS BUYS outright five acres Texas oil land. Particulars free. Gulf Realty, 317 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

MEDICAL

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

PILES, CONSTIPATION, FISTULA, FISsures, ulceration, bleeding itching—cured at home. Free trial. S. Tarney, Auburn, Ind.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGS AND POEMS WANTED. WE COMpose music, publish, sell and pay you five cents royalty on every copy sold. Melody Publishing Corp., Dept. A, Root Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

SONG POEMS WANTED. SUBMIT MANUscript to New Era Music Co., 103 St. Louis, Mo.

I WANT SONG POEMS. CASPER NATHAN, Garrick Theatre Building, Chicago.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. L. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

TOBACCO

HOMESPUN SMOKING TOBACCO—5 LBS., $1.00; 10 lbs., $1.75; 20 lbs., $2.50. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky.

PERSONAL

MEN—IF YOU LACK COURAGE, ENERGY, and are suffering from poor health and run-down conditions it will pay you to try the new scientific preparation. Very agreeable and surprising results obtained in just a few days. Nothing now being sold compares with the revitalizing power of this preparation. Box postpaid anywhere $1, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Company, Station E, Toledo, Ohio.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonies free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

GERMANS, FRIENDS, COUNTRYMEN, IF you desire a real little German wife, one who knows how to operate a frying pan, write me. English or German. (Stamp.) George Grigoleit, 20 East Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

MARRY—WOULD YOU MARRY A BEAUTIful refined lady with a beautiful home and money in the bank? Gentlemen write. Box 691, Burlington, N. C.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

PRETTY YOUNG WIDOW SEEKS MARriage. Send stamped envelope. Chicago Friendship Club, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

$1.00 FOR LIST CONTAINING NAMES, ADdresses, etc., of ladies desiring marriage. Many wealthy. Cosmopolitan Club, Box 423-B, Venice, Calif.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published mailed free. Address, American Distributor, Suite 627, Blairsville, Pa.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — MANY WEALTHY MEMBERS. Send no money. New Plan Club, Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET; SURE METHOD of obtaining your desires. Postpaid for dime. Smedley, 140 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WOULD YOU WRITE A WEALTHY, pretty girl? Stamped envelope, please. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENTLEMAN, WORTH $50,000, WANTS wife. Ladies write. Care (E.B) B-1022, Wichita, Kans.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

WESTERN WIDOW, 45, HAS $100,000, wants husband. K-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

SOUTHERN LADY, 37, WORTH $40,000, will marry. I-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCANdinavian Club, 2734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES, WOULD YOU WRITE A LONELY merchant? Do not hesitate. Box 787 Denison, Ohio.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOKlet free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

CANADIAN MATRIMONIAL PAPER photos. Names, addresses 25c. No other fee. A. McCreery, Chatham, Ont.

FRENCH, OTHER EUROPEAN LADIES wish correspondents. Paper, address 50c. Universal Bureau, 224-B Tremont, Boston.

RANCHER, WORTH $80,000, WAnts Ladies, write. (J-B) Club, Cl... sas.

RANCHMAN, 58, WORTH $...,000, WOuld marry. J-Box 225, Club.

MERCHANT, 35, WORTH $40,000, ...ue, Detroit, wife. P-Box 1134, ... WORTH

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, ...Club, Oxford will marry. Box 5...

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding ... of the Blade and Ledger in findi... persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Sarah E. Kitchens, 190 Saxon Ave., Spartanburg, S. C., wishes to hear from, or concerning her son Ralph W. Kitchens, 16 years old. Last heard from in Spartanburg, on March 31st, 1922. Description: He is five feet tall; weight 140 lbs.; black eyes and brown complexion. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his mother.

Fashion Hints.

THE girl who danced at a smart restaurant wearing a pair of black velvet sleeves suspended from her shoulders by chains of brilliants had no cause to be a wall flower. The sleeves were cut in the shape of gauntlets that reached slightly above the elbows where they flared out to show their silver cloth lining. Whatever you can do to the arm coverings to make them conspicuous and curious, do it. That is, if you want to be in the first ranks of fashion.

—

The girl who dined at a restaurant with a silver quill stuck thru the back of her coiffure would have risked arrest if she had taken it to the theater. It stood out fully six inches on each side of the low knot of hair thru which it ran. The fashion for these ornamental quills in the hair was started in the Paris restaurant where the quills were thrown at the dancers. Later the idea was used at the football games in the colors of the opposing teams.

She Gave It Up.

LITTLE Ruth was trying to make a dollhouse, but as she finally gave it up she breathed a deep sigh and said: "I'm not going to make my dollhouse."

"Why?" asked brother.

"'Cause I don't have no succession with it."

Do You Want $200 a Week?

The Amazing Story Of Carl Rowe Who Rose From An Income Of $50.00 A Week To $1,000 A Month

MY NAME is Rowe—Carl Rowe. I live in a small city in New York State.

I am going to tell you an amazing story about myself. It may seem too strange to believe, but you can easily verify everything I have to say.

Two years ago I was a baker. I was struggling along, trying to make the money in my pay envelope meet the increasing expenses of our family. There was no prospect for the future.

Today, just two years later, I am a successful business man. I have plenty of money for all the things we need and want. Last month I made $876 during my spare time, and was able to put $200 a week in my savings account.

I am going to tell you how it happened.

Please remember that two years ago I had no surplus cash. I was in the same fix as nine out of ten other men. Expenses were constantly mounting, and my salary, although it had increased, could not keep pace with the cost of living. My wife had to do without things that I knew she ought to have. We wanted an automobile, but we couldn't afford it. We wanted to buy our own home, but we couldn't afford that.

It made me desperate to think of what might happen if I became sick or lost my job. I worried about it, and so did my wife. We were living from hand to mouth, and we didn't know what calamity and hardships might be lurking just around the corner.

And yet—today—I own our nine room house. I have an automobile. I have money for books, the theatre, or any other pleasures that I may want. I have the cash today to educate my son and send him through college.

Here is how it happened. One day in glancing through a magazine I read an advertisement. The advertisement said that any man could make from a hundred to three hundred dollars a month during his spare time.

I didn't believe it. I knew that I had worked hard eight hours a day for $50.00 a week, and I figured that no man could make that much during a couple of hours a day spare time.

But as I read that ad I found that it pointed to men who had made that much and more. In the last paragraph the advertiser offered to

send a book without cost. I still doubted. But I thought it was worth a two-cent stamp, so I tore out the coupon and put it in my pocket and next day on my way home from work I mailed it.

When I look back to that day and realize how close I came to passing up that ad, it sends cold chills down my spine. If the book had cost me a thousand dollars instead of a two-cent stamp, it would still have been cheap. All that I have today—an automobile, my home, an established business, a contented family—all these are due to the things I learned by reading that little eight-page booklet.

There is no secret to my success. I have succeeded beyond any dream I may have had three years ago, and I consider myself an average man. I believe that I would be criminally selfish if I did not tell other people how I made my success.

All the work I have done has been pleasant and easy, and withal, amazingly simple. I am the representative in this territory for a raincoat manufacturer. The booklet that I read was one issued by that company. It tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me. It will give to anyone the same success that it has brought to me.

The Comer Manufacturing Company are one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade raincoats on the market; but they do not sell through stores. They sell their coats through local representatives. The local representative does not have to buy a stock. All he does is to take orders for Comer raincoats and he gets his profit the same day the order is taken. Fully half my customers come to my house to give me their orders.

My business is growing bigger every month. I don't know how great it will grow, but there are very few business men in this city whose net profit is greater than mine, and I can see only unlimited opportunity in the future.

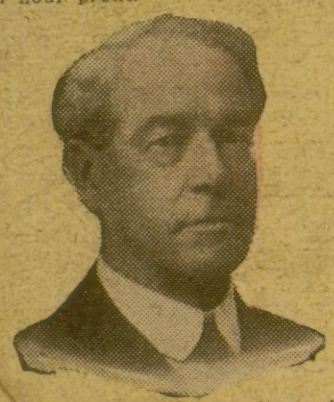
* * * * * * *

If you are interested in increasing your income from $100 to $1,000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to this same proposition in your territory, write The Comer Manufacturing Company at Dayton, Ohio. Simply sign the attached coupon and they will send you the eight-page booklet referred to by Mr. Rowe and full details of their remarkable proposition.

These Men Are Making Big Money

Here are just three of the Comer representatives who are making large profits and making them easily. They find that they can take an hour or so of spare time any day and make plenty of extra money. Or they can devote all their time to Comer work and make large and steady incomes. Read their records and hear what they have to say regarding the Comer Way of making big money.

Carl P. King, of Kentucky, a machinist, says: "Since I received my outfit the time I've spent calling on customers has paid me $3.00 an hour profit."



E. Wright, South Carolina, railroadman, finds the Comer Agency a great profit maker. $256.56 for one month's leisure hours' effort.

J. J. Maher, of Maine, finds the Comer Business a sure way to steady and large profits. He averages $250 to $350 a month and frequently goes over the $500 mark.

* * * * * * *

You can make profits like these just as easily as King, Wright and Maher. You don't need experience or previous training to start. The Comer Way shows you how to make big money from the first day, and how to keep right on making it.

Cut Out and Mail

The Comer Mfg. Co.,
Dept. B-184, Dayton, Ohio

Gentlemen:

Please send me, without obligation on my part, copy of your booklet and full details of your proposition.

Name .....

Address .....

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